

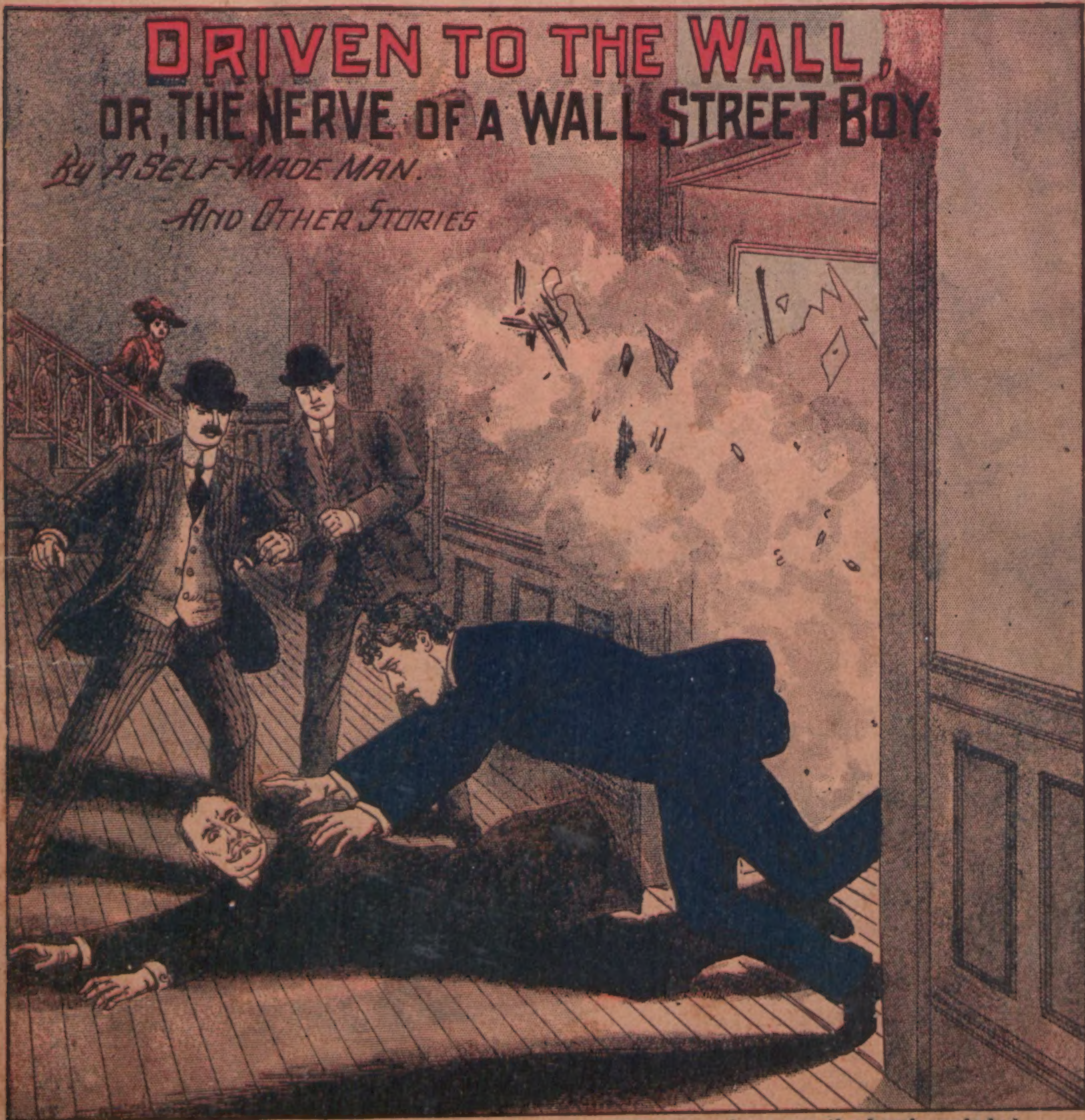
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF ³³
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

**DRIVEN TO THE WALL,
OR, THE NERVE OF A WALL STREET BOY.**

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

And Other Stories



As Broker Brown shot through the door, propelled by Sid's muscular arms, the bomb exploded, with a concussion that shook the building. The brave boy was sent staggering out into the corridor after the man whose life he had saved.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.00 per year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 716.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1919.

Price 6 Cents.

DRIVEN TO THE WALL

—OR—

THE NERVE OF A WALL STREET BOY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

DISCHARGED.

"So you've been speculating again, have you?" cried Broker Brown, of No. — Wall Street, glaring at his office boy and messenger.

"I can't deny it, sir," replied Sid Davenport, respectfully.

"Didn't I tell you to cut it out?"

"You did, sir."

"Then why didn't you?"

"I got hold of a tip on B. & O., and the temptation to make a haul was too strong for me to resist."

"I suppose you made the haul?" sneered the broker.

"Not yet, sir. I'm waiting for—"

"Well, you won't wait for anything in my office," snapped Mr. Brown. "I told you if I caught you monkeying with the market again I'd discharge you. As my word is as good as my bond I shall dispense with your services at the end of this week. That's all. You can go," and the speaker turned to his desk.

As there wasn't any doubt about the broker being in earnest, Sid made no reply and turning around returned to his post in the waiting-room.

"So, I'm bounced. Well, I don't care. If Mr. Brown can get along without me I can exist without his eight bones a week," said the boy to himself.

Sid was self-reliant and independent.

While he was willing to run his shoes off his feet to serve his employer he wouldn't crawl to any man.

He always tried to do his duty, and if he made mistakes once in a while, such slips never happened through carelessness on his part.

He was a smart boy and a very capable messenger.

Many brokers had remarked the fact, and Brown had more than once congratulated himself on having such a boy in his office.

Brown, however, had his peculiarities.

The smarter Sid grew the more he expected of the boy.

As a rule the lad hit the mark, but when he happened to fall a bit shy Brown never failed to call his attention to the fact.

One day the broker learned in a roundabout way that Sid was doing a little business with the stock market on the quiet.

The idea that his messenger should break an unwritten law of Wall Street made him wroth, so he taxed Sid with his presumption, and when the boy admitted his delinquency he told him if it happened again they would part in quick order.

That mandate put a damper on Sid's speculative ambitions.

He stopped short and had no expectation of resuming.

The fever, however, was in his blood, and though Sid meant to hold the whip-hand over his tendencies to speculate, he was not equal to the test.

When the B. & O. tip came his way his good resolutions proved no more stable than a foundation of shifting sand.

He yielded to the temptation, and he was now up against the consequences.

He was not a squealer and could take his medicine like a major.

At any rate he had a thousand dollars up on B. & O. and he was already \$500 ahead on the deal, so he could take his bounce philosophically from a financial standpoint.

Furthermore as his father held a responsible position which enabled him to support his family in good shape, it didn't make any difference if he was not able to turn in his wages regularly to his mother.

Nevertheless his folks wouldn't stand for him being out of a job if they became aware of the fact, and his father was sure to demand an explanation of the cause of his discharge.

"I'll keep the matter quiet for the present," Sid told himself. "I can turn in eight dollars out of my own funds, and the folks will never be the wiser until I catch on somewhere else and I tell them about the change."

At this point in his meditations the cashier called him up and sent him out with a note to Brown's representative in the board-room.

When he reached the Exchange he saw there was considerable excitement around the B. & O. standard.

A glance at the big blackboard showed him that the price was advancing once more.

"It looks as if it'll go ten or twelve points above what I paid for it. If I make \$1,000 clear I sha'n't worry much over the loss of my job. I'll be worth \$2,200 then, and I guess that's as much as my father has saved in the last ten years. It's my opinion I can make more money following the market than by running my legs off for any broker in the Street. At any rate with the start I ought to have in a day or two I've a great mind to give the plan a trial and see how I come out. If I lose all the money I won't be any worse off than when I started in."

Sid delivered his note and then started back for the office.

He had hardly taken off his hat when Brown's bell rang loudly, and Sid went in to see what he wanted.

"Where have you been?" he asked, sharply.

"Over to the Exchange."

"Well, here is a note I want you to deliver when you are through for the day. I give it to you now because I'm going to a directors' meeting and may not be back. There is no answer."

Sid took the note and put it in his pocket.

"Look here, young man, who gave you that tip on B. & O.?"

"I can't tell you, Mr. Brown, as it's confidential."

"And you bought some of the stock at a bucket-shop on margin on the strength of it?"

"I bought the shares at a little bank on Nassau street."

"Well, that establishment operates on bucket-shop principles."

"Only so far as buying and selling small amounts of stocks. They do business on the square, same as any reliable broker."

"How do you know? That bank is an eyesore to Wall Street and ought to be suppressed. It encourages messenger boys and clerks to gamble by making deals in as low as five shares of any stock on the list. It has cost a good many people their positions."

"I don't blame the bank because I've lost my job. Nobody there invited me to speculate. I went there of my own accord."

"Do you expect any other broker will hire you when he learns why I discharged you?"

"I haven't thought about the matter."

"I suppose you expect to make enough out of your B. & O. deal to enable you to loaf around for a while," sneered the trader.

"I've never loafed in my life, and I don't expect to begin now."

"Huh!" ejaculated Brown, putting on his hat. "Don't forget that errand."

"No, sir. I'll deliver it all right," and Sid walked outside.

At half-past three Sid finished his duties for the day, and then started for a lunch house to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee before going on his errand.

The note was addressed to a Water Street wholesale house not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, and Sid didn't expect it would take him long to cover the distance.

He entered the warehouse five minutes after four, handed the note to the cashier in the counting-room and then walked out again.

As he started up a side street where there was a tall cheap tenement house he saw a crowd of ragged urchins around the door looking into the dirty entry.

The screams of a girl inside had evidently drawn them to the spot.

"What's the trouble?" Sid asked one of the kids.

"Mother Moses is lickin' her gal ag'in, dat's all."

At that moment the girl in question broke away from her tyrant and rushed out into the street, the crowd opening to give her passage, and then scattering as the harriidan came rushing after her victim.

"Save me! Save me!" shrieked the girl.

She looked to be about fifteen years old, with a pretty, innocent face that contrasted strangely with the ragged dress that clung to her sylph-like form.

She ran blindly into Sid's arms, and then struggled to get away from him.

"Oh, please let me go. She'll kill me," cried the terrified girl.

"No she won't—not while I'm around," replied the boy, swinging her behind him as the wicked-looking hag made a grab for her with one hand while in the other she held a strap uplifted to inflict a blow.

The woman glared at the young well-dressed messenger.

"Stand out of my way," she snarled.

"So you can hit this girl? Not much. Haven't you beaten her enough already?" retorted Sid, looking the harriidan in the eye.

"What's that to you? She's my property. Come here, you——"

She shook her fist at the girl.

"Please don't hit me any more," sobbed the little victim.

"Just wait till I get hold of you. I'll skin you alive."

She tried to dart around Sid, but the boy gave her a shove and landed her in a heap on the sidewalk.

With a scream of rage she picked herself up and swooped down on the boy.

As the strap descended he dodged and then caught it.

With a jerk he yanked the hag off her feet and sent her rolling out into the gutter.

The old woman was tough and full of fight.

She filled the air full of threats as she scrambled up.

Sid began to realize that he had placed himself in an unenviable situation.

Had she been a man he wouldn't have cared so much, for then he would have been prepared to use his fists, but he couldn't strike a woman, even if she was a disreputable old harriidan.

The crowd of small boys had now increased to a mob, and additions to their ranks were appearing every moment.

A scrap between Mother Moses and a stranger was a sight

to fill them with glee, and though they had no love for the old woman they began encouraging her to pitch in again.

The tumult aroused the attention of the whole neighborhood and every window in the tenement soon held an occupant, mostly women of untidy aspect.

The two saloons near by emptied their customers on the sidewalks, and matters were looking decidedly strenuous.

"I'll kill you!" screeched the harriidan, making another rush at Sid, with her long, scrawny fingers extended to tear his flesh.

Sid dodged again with the activity of a monkey, and the woman tripped and fell for the third time.

She pitched head foremost against the tenement waif, and, striking the corner of the doorway, rolled over unconscious.

CHAPTER II.

SID MAKES A DOUBLE PROFIT ON THE B. & O.

Nobody offered to pick up the hag.

The chorus of satisfaction that went up from the tenement windows showed that she was not popular among the women of the house.

Half the kids rushed to look at the vanquished harriidan, the rest crowded around Sid and expressed their admiration of his prowess.

"You're de fust feller dat ever licked Mother Moses round here," said one. "She's a hully terror, and ain't afraid of nobody—not even a big cop. She banged de ear of one a while ago, and nearly tore de coat off anudder. I don't see how yer done it. We t'ought you'd be wiped up."

"You'd better sneak afore she comes to," said another. "If she gets a knife she'll carve you up."

"Where's the girl? Who is she? No relation I'll swear," said Sid, looking around the crowd.

"You mean Nellie. Nobody knows anyt'in' about her 'cept she lives wit' old Mother Moses. If I was her I'd run away. I guess she's afraid to do dat."

The girl had disappeared at any rate, so Sid guessed he'd better go on his way before the hag came to her senses and made more trouble for him.

Accordingly he pushed his way through the crowd and walked off, followed by many admiring glances.

When he reached the corner he saw a policeman hurrying down the other side of the street.

"I didn't get away any too quick," he thought, as he continued on.

He couldn't help thinking about the girl he had defended as he walked along.

Although attired in rags, and apparently of the tenements, there was something about her that seemed to say she was out of place in her crude surroundings.

At any rate Sid felt a strange interest in her, and he thought about her all the way home.

Next morning he bought a Wall Street daily on his way down town and scanned the market report of the previous day's operations.

B. & O. showed an advance of nine points above what he paid for it.

"It will surely go higher to-day," he thought, "and it will probably be well for me to sell out at the first chance I get. In any event I'll take a chance, for now that I'm practically out of the office it's to my interest to look after number one. Mr. Brown gave me a pretty cold shake, and I guess I don't owe him anything more than he'll get out of me."

At about eleven o'clock Sid was sent to the Exchange, and then he saw that B. & O. was going at an advance of twelve and a fraction points.

He decided he wouldn't take any more chances on it, so on his way back he ran up to the little bank and ordered his 100 shares sold.

It happened that in the meantime B. & O. went up another point, so that when his shares were sold by the bank's representative he made a profit of \$1,300.

He figured his profits at \$100 less, and did not learn of the extra profit until the bank settled with him on the following afternoon, which was Friday.

On Saturday morning Sid saw his successor.

In general make-up he was a young dude.

Sid found out he was the son of a friend of Brown, and had just graduated from a select academy for young gentlemen.

His father was ambitious to make a broker of him, and had asked Mr. Brown some weeks before to get him an opening in Wall Street.

The broker hired him to fill Sid's shoes.

He wouldn't have thought of doing it only he was angry with Sid for presuming to speculate after he had told him not to, and it wasn't long before he regretted making the change, but then it was too late to rectify his mistake.

The office force were much surprised when Sid bade them good-by on Saturday noon.

It was the first intimation they had that he was going to leave.

They were not aware that he had been discharged, and he did not tell them.

They supposed he had struck a better job in some other office, and wished him good luck.

"Well, I'm worth \$2,500, and that's better than holding down any messenger job in Wall Street. My folks don't know that I'm worth twenty-five hundred cents. If I can't average a whole lot more than eight dollars a week by using my money to some advantage I shall be greatly surprised," he said to himself as he walked to a lunch house to get something to eat.

Instead of going directly home afterward he walked down to Water Street and made his way in the direction of the tenement in front of which he had had the scrap with the old harrikan.

His purpose was to find out if possible how the girl Nellie was getting on.

He had a strong desire to rescue her from the clutches of such a villainous companion, and had an idea of consulting the police on the subject.

When he reached the tenement he saw one of the boys who had spoken to him sunning himself outside of the door.

Walking up to him he said:

"I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure I do. You're de feller wot put it all over Mother Moses de udder afternoon. A cop came up after you sneaked and seein' de old woman lyin' like a dead one was goin' to send for an ambulance, but she come to and told him she wasn't goin' to no hospital. Den he wanted to know wot de trouble was. She told him it was none of his business. Dat she had jest been lickin' her gal for bein' sassy to her, and she guessed she had a right to do it as much as she wanted to. She didn't say nottin' about the scrap. When she went into de house he found out all about it from de men who had been lookin' on. As you wasn't around he didn't bother no more and walked off, after chasin' us kids away."

"Did Nellie go back to her?" asked Sid.

"Yep. She sneaked in about an hour later."

"Did the old woman give her another whipping?"

"I dunno. I wasn't around."

"What part of the tenement do they live in?"

"Dey ain't dere any more."

"No!" cried Sid, surprised and disappointed.

"Some feller wot knowed the old woman come and took dem away with all their traps, and everybody 'round here is mighty glad deir gone, not dat dey had anytin' ag'in de gal. She was all right. But de old woman was a hully terror for fair."

"How long did they live here?"

"Tree or four months."

"Seems strange to me that a girl like Nellie should stay with that old hag."

"She was dat afraid of her dat she didn't dare leave her, dat's wot I t'ink."

"You haven't any idea where they went, I suppose?"

"No. Wot you want to know for? Want to tackle de old woman ag'in?"

"I thought I'd like to help Nellie get away from her."

"Hully gee! Are you lookin' for trouble? Dat old woman 'ud t'ink nottin' of puttin' a sword into you if she got a chance. You was lucky to get off de way you did. Dere ain't a man 'round here would have tackled her de way you did. Everybody was afraid of her. Even de cops fought shy of her."

"It's a wonder she wasn't pulled in and sent to the Island."

"Dat's a fact."

Seeing that he couldn't learn anything more about Nellie, Sid bade the youth good-by and walked away.

On Monday morning Sid started for Wall Street at his usual hour, his parents ignorant of the fact that he had lost his position with Broker Brown.

After spending perhaps twenty minutes on Broad Street,

watching the crowd of employees hastening to their offices—a sight that made him feel like a duck out of water—he went up to the little bank and took his seat on one of the chairs provided for customers fronting a good-sized blackboard.

As matters were lively in Wall Street there was already quite a crowd of cheap speculators present.

B. & O. still occupied public attention, though to Sid's eye it looked shady at 124, which was the figure it had closed at on Saturday noon.

"It's my opinion it's due for a break," he thought. "I don't think it will go much higher."

He amused himself watching the people in the room, and wondering how many of them were out of work.

When the Exchange opened at ten the quotations began to come in, and were put up on the blackboard under their respective headings by a small youth employed for that purpose.

B. & O. opened at 124 1-8 and gradually went to 125.

The next quotation was 124 7-8.

When Sid saw that he came to the conclusion that the tide was turning, and going up to the margin clerk's window he put in an order for the bank to sell 200 shares for him, depositing \$2,000 to cover the margin of security required.

Hardly had he got back to his seat when B. & O. was quoted again at 125, and then went to an eighth above that, and finally back to 125.

For twenty minutes it hovered at that figure and then began to go down an eighth at a time.

At eleven o'clock it roosted a while at 124, and then it slumped again to 123.

This caused a rush of the speculators long on the stock to cash in.

Sid watched the dropping of the price with great interest and excitement.

He had sold short at 125, and now at 123 he was \$400 ahead.

"This knocks the messenger business into a cocked hat," he breathed. "I've made about a year's wages inside of an hour, and I may collar twice as much before the day is out. Brown did me a big favor by bouncing me. On top of it all I'm boss of my own time. This is what I call fine."

When one o'clock came around B. & O. was down to 121, and that meant Sid was another \$400 to the good.

He had no thought of going to lunch as things stood.

In fact he did not think at all of his stomach.

He kept his attention glued to the blackboard, and his eyes on the quotations of B. & O. as they came out.

At two o'clock the stock had reached 119 1-2, and its downward move came to a stop.

The next quotation was 119 5-8, and the next an eighth higher.

"I guess it's time for me to close out my deal," he said, "or I'm liable to lose some of my profits."

So he went to the clerk's window and ordered him to buy 200 shares of B. & O. to cover the amount he had sold, and as soon as this arrangement had been put through, he strolled out of the room and went to lunch with a famous appetite.

After eating he went into the messengers' entrance of the Exchange and looked at the blackboard there.

He saw that B. & O. had recovered to 121.

He returned to the little bank and remained there watching the market in general till three o'clock, then he walked down to the Battery, spent an hour there with the crowd of idlers, and after that went home.

The following morning found him at the little bank again, but all he did that day was to settle with the bank and collect \$1,000 profit.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES OF A NEW BOY.

After spending an hour at the little bank on Wednesday morning Sid came to the conclusion there was nothing doing for him, so he went out to watch life on Broad street in front of the Exchange.

It felt rather strange for him to realize that he no longer was a messenger, and that for the present his hustling days were over.

Indeed, he didn't feel quite easy over his independence.

He didn't know what to do with himself.

He almost wished he was back again with Brown.

"If I hadn't been bounced I wouldn't have made that \$1,000 on Monday," he told himself. "I wouldn't have collected that sum in two years had I remained a messenger, so what am I kicking about? The trouble is I'm not used to doing nothing. I must try and think up some way to put in my time between deals. I guess I'll go down to the Curb and see how the mining brokers are getting on."

As he started to cross the street a boy ran up and slapped him on the back.

"Hello, Sid, how are things?"

The speaker was his friend Dick Pratt.

"Fine as silk," replied Sid.

"You don't look as if things were rushing at your office."

"You mean Brown's office."

"Of course—what else?"

"Well, Brown's office doesn't worry me much at present."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm not working there any more?"

"No," replied Dick, in surprise. "When did you quit?"

"Saturday."

"You don't say. Make a change for the better?"

"I think I did. At any rate there's more money in my new occupation."

"Then you're not a messenger any more?"

"Not at the present moment."

"Who is your new boss?"

"A party about my size and general appearance."

"What's his—Gee! There's my boss coming across the street. I'll have to skip," said Dick Pratt, hurrying away.

Sid went over to the Curb market and stood there for a while.

Business appeared to be good with the traders and a lot of stocks changed hands while the boy stood there.

"Hello, Davenport, this is the first time I ever saw you standing still," said a trader Sid knew, grabbing him by the arm.

"Yes, sir; rather a new experience for me," replied the ex-messenger.

"Picking up points for Brown?" smiled the gentleman.

"No, sir; just putting in time."

"Why, are things so slack with Brown?"

"I couldn't say how they are there this week. I left him on Saturday."

"Left Brown!" ejaculated the broker, in surprise. "How did that happen?"

"We had a little disagreement."

"I never expected that Brown would part with you if he could help it. I've heard him say that you were one of the best messengers in the Street."

"I always tried to do my duty, and didn't often make a mistake. I don't care to explain what the trouble was between Mr. Brown and myself, but it proved to be serious enough to cause a break in our relations."

"So, you're out of a position now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know old man Hodge, the operator? His office is in the Trask Building on Exchange Place."

"I know him by sight."

"That's what I meant. I understand that he wants a messenger, or will want one in a few days. You might go around and strike him for the job. Brown will give you a recommendation, I am sure, even if you have quit him."

"Thank you, sir. I'll call on Mr. Hodge."

The broker then said good-by and walked away.

Sid, however, showed no great rush in getting around to the operator's office.

Owing to his recent success in the market he was not anxious to go to work for anybody.

Hodge wouldn't want him to speculate on the side any more than Brown did, and Sid felt that he could do a whole lot better speculating than carrying messages around the district for a new boss.

Probably he was foolish, for the next deal he embarked in might be a losing venture, and clean him out of a considerable part of his capital.

In fact nobody knew better than Sid that the market was a decidedly risky game of chance, where the blanks greatly outnumber the prizes.

Just the same he had the idea that fate had picked him out as one of the fortunate ones.

That is pretty much what all speculators think until sad

experience undeceives them, otherwise they wouldn't go into the game.

So instead of rushing down to see Hodge, Sid walked back to the little bank and spent the rest of the business day there.

While he was there he saw Brown's junior clerk, Phil Hooker, come in and make a deal at the window.

Sid grinned to himself.

"Brown would throw a fit if he knew that Hooker was in the game, too," he thought. "It isn't unlikely that he'd get the bounce also. Well, he won't find out through me. I wonder how his new messenger is coming on? He doesn't look like an ideal hustler to me. Maybe he'll turn out all right after he gets broke to harness. I wish him luck at any rate."

At a quarter before three Sid left the little bank and strolled down Broad street.

He thought he'd look in at the messengers' entrance to see if any of his acquaintances were there.

As he turned in a boy pushed by him in a great hurry and preceded him in.

"Hello, there Clarence Townsend, now."

That was the name of Brown's new boy.

Clarence approached the rail with an air of great importance.

He had a note in his hand for his employer's representative which he had been instructed to deliver in a hurry, as it was nearly closing time at the Exchange.

The rail was lined with messengers waiting to deliver notes.

As one of them left Clarence sprang into his place, but in doing so he trod on the foot of the boy on his left.

"Hey, who are you walkin' over," said the messenger, fetching him a dig with his elbow in the stomach.

"Ouch!" cried Clarence, falling against the boy on his right.

"Who you shoving, you dude?" exclaimed the other, pushing the new boy against the other one.

"Holy smoke! Do you think you own this place?" cried the first boy, who was red-headed and aggressive, knocking Clarence's hat off, and elbowing him out of the line, which closed up.

Clarence recovered his hat and then retaliated by knocking the red-headed lad's hat over onto the floor of the Exchange.

That precipitated a scrap between the two, and Clarence got a black eye in short order.

Sid saw an attache rushing to the scene, so he separated the combatants just as the Exchange closed, and all the boys but Clarence and Sid made a dash for the sidewalk.

"There's your note on the floor," said Sid, as he started to go, too.

The new boy, looking much the worse for his experience, picked it up and looked around the Exchange in some perplexity.

"You'd better get back to your office," said Sid. "You can't deliver that note now."

"I don't like this job," replied Clarence, grouchy. "I don't know what I'll say to Mr. Brown when I get back. He told me the note was important, and must be delivered before this place closed. If those fellows had let me alone I'd have done it. I'll have a swollen eye to-morrow. I guess I'll report sick and not come down. I'd like to get square with the chap who hit me."

"I wouldn't try if I were you," said Sid. "That's Mike Brady, and he's a tough lad. He'd be likely to do you up."

"I don't care who he is. He's got no right to hit me," said Clarence, stepping outside with Sid.

Just then the man for whom Clarence brought the note came along, and seeing him the boy stepped up and handed it to him.

"This is a nice time to hand me this," said the broker, after reading it. "Go back and tell Brown that he sent it over too late."

So Clarence started for the office to report to his boss.

"If he isn't in for a calldown I'm no guesser," thought Sid, looking after his successor. "He got here in time to deliver the note, but he fell up against the hard luck of a new boy, and I'll bet Brown won't be pleased. If Clarence doesn't look out he won't last. If that note was very important Brown will be apt to say things that Clarence won't like. I've been there myself."

Then Sid walked away chuckling to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

NELLIE AGAIN.

During the month that followed Sid participated in several deals.

He came out shy on a majority of them, but on the whole he found himself \$500 to the good, after paying all his expenses, which raised his capital to \$4,000, so that he had no call to kick at the way Fortune was treating him.

During this time he had thought more than once of the unfortunate Nellie, and wished he might come across her again; but he figured that his chances of doing so were decidedly slim.

One afternoon a broker named Carter, who was on friendly terms with Sid, and knew how the boy was employing his time, met him on the street.

"Well, Sid, how is the market treating you?" he asked.

"I can't complain. I've made over \$1,500 since I quit Mr. Brown, not counting the \$1,300 profit I captured out of B. & O. a day or two before I left his office."

"You're doing well, but don't get over-confident, or you may get a jolt that will make a hole in your capital. If I hear of anything good I'll let you in on it, for I'd just as soon give you a boost as not."

"Thank you, Mr. Carter."

"You're welcome. By the way, I'd like to have you do me a favor. I'll make it all right with you."

"I'll be glad to do you a favor, Mr. Carter, if it's in my power," replied Sid, who was anxious to stand well with the broker.

"Well, drop around to my office in half an hour and I'll tell you what I wish you to do."

"All right, Mr. Carter, I'll be on hand," replied Sid, and the trader walked off.

At the appointed time Sid called at Carter's office and was shown into his private room.

"Sit down, Sid. The favor I wish you to do for me is this: Do you see that package?" said Broker Carter, pointing to a small packet on his desk.

"I surely do," replied the boy.

"Well, I want you to take it to the home of a customer of mine. He lives in the suburbs of Hackensack. There are negotiable bonds in that package of the value of \$15,000. I did intend to employ a messenger, but when I saw you on the street I changed my mind. I know you and have every confidence in you, and I believe you are smarter than any A. D. T. boy that walks on two feet."

"Thank you for the compliment, sir."

"You deserve it. Here's a couple of dollars for your expenses. You can get a trolley car at the ferry that will take you within a few blocks of your destination. Here is the receipt you will ask the gentleman to sign after he has opened the package and found that its contents correspond with the wording of the receipt. You had better start right away so that you can reach Mr. Taylor's house before dark."

"All right, Mr. Carter. I'll see that he gets the package, and I'll bring you the receipt in the morning," said Sid, getting up and making for the door.

It didn't take him long to reach the ferry, and fifteen minutes later he was boarding a car in the State of New Jersey.

He had quite a ride before him, but he didn't mind that.

This mission was a change in his daily routine since leaving Brown's office, and he was rather tickled at the idea of transacting an important errand for his friend, Broker Carter.

When he left New York there was no indications of a change in the weather, but when he got on the car on the New Jersey side of the river he noticed a bank of dark clouds climbing the sky in the direction he was going.

"I hope it doesn't rain before I deliver my package," thought Sid, "for I haven't got an umbrella, and if I am obliged to seek shelter somewhere it will delay me, and that wouldn't suit me at all."

The clouds mounted higher and higher as the car sped on its way, and the afternoon grew darker and more somber.

The greater part of the distance had been covered when the car stopped at a junction of two tracks and the conductor shouted to Sid, who was the only passenger left on board, "take the car behind for Hackensack."

"I thought this car went through," replied the boy. "Your sign reads Hackensack."

"We turn off here. The regular Hackensack car will be along in a minute or two," replied the conductor.

"I hope it will, for it looks like rain, and there isn't any shelter around here that I can see."

"There's a roadhouse a hundred yards away; but it won't rain before your car comes. Get out now, I'm waiting for you."

Sid got out, but he didn't like to do it.

He thought it was an outrage to have to change cars at that lonesome spot on the border of the marshes that skirted the Hackensack river, and it was particularly annoying to have to change under the present weather conditions.

The car he had quitted ran on to the other track and soon disappeared in the distance.

Sid looked back in the direction he had come, but there was no sign yet of "the car behind."

The sky was now wholly clouded over, and was more threatening than ever.

Through the trees Sid saw the roadhouse which the conductor had mentioned.

It didn't look very inviting, and as far as he could see there was not a sign of life about it.

About half a mile away he saw other houses strung along at intervals, but they were too far away to relieve the bareness of his surroundings.

Five minutes or more passed away and the Hackensack car had not come in sight.

The cold southing wind that came across the river and the marshes compelled Sid to button his coat close up to his throat.

Then when his patience was about exhausted it began to rain, though not hard.

It came on harder presently, and Sid realized that he would have to seek the shelter of the roadhouse if he wanted to escape a drenching.

He started for it on a run and soon reached the porch.

The house appeared to be closed up tight, which seemed an odd thing for a public house, unless, as he surmised, it was deserted.

He soon found this wasn't so, for through one of the closed blinds a ray of light shone, and presently he heard a girlish voice singing a mournful kind of song.

Sid's curiosity was aroused and he looked through a break in the closed shutters to see what the singer looked like.

She was sitting at a small table sewing, with her back toward him so he could not see her face.

There was a lighted candle on the table close to her elbow, and this threw her shadow upon the nearest wall.

All that Sid could make out about her was that she appeared to be a young girl very poorly attired.

She was alone in the room, and her surroundings were not particularly cheerful or attractive.

It appeared to be the public room of the house, for it was fitted with a small bar, graced with a meager supply of bottles and glasses, three or four tables similar to that at which the girl was seated, a dozen very common wooden chairs, while the walls were garnished with several cheap pictures.

It was clear to Sid that this roadhouse wasn't doing any business to speak of, and he wasn't greatly surprised for he didn't see where customers were coming from.

"I don't wonder that girl is not in a cheerful frame of mind," thought Sid. "Sitting alone in that room on such an afternoon as this is enough to give a person the blue funk. It might be that she's all alone in the house, too. If she is she stands it pretty well. I wish I could get a sight of her face. It strikes me she's pretty."

The rain now not only came down hard, but the wind swept it all over the small piazza, so that Sid found that his place of shelter didn't amount to much.

"I can't stay here and expect to keep dry," he said. "I'll knock on the door and ask that girl if I can stay till the rain lets up. If this is a public house I guess she won't have any objections. I'll buy a glass of soda, and a couple of good cigars, if they've got any good ones here, which I'll give the governor when I see him this evening. If the girl is all alone I'll be company for her."

So Sid banged on the door, and presently a girlish voice asked who was there.

"I'm a boy from New York on my way to Hackensack," replied Sid. "The car I came on thus far dumped me out at the junction yonder, and I was told to take the next car. The next car hasn't shown up yet, and it's raining so hard I'll get well soaked unless I can get in under a roof. I'd like to come in till it clears up."

His explanation appeared to be satisfactory to the girl, for he heard her unbolt the door, turn a key and then the door opened.

"Thank you, miss," said Sid, stepping inside. "This is a public house, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the girl, in a low tone.

As she stood in the shadow, and turned her back to him to close the door, which she did not lock now, Sid failed to see her face.

"I don't drink or smoke, miss, but I'll buy a glass of soda and a couple of cigars in consideration of the privilege of remaining here a short time."

"You are welcome to remain here without buying anything. We haven't much to sell anyway, for few people come here. There may be soda. I will see if you wish me to. I've never seen anything drunk here but whisky, mostly by Jim Poynders."

She stopped abruptly and then said:

"If you are wet I'll light a fire in the stove."

"You needn't take that trouble on my account, miss. I—"

Just then he caught a good look at her in the candle light.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise.

He recognized her as Nellie, the tenement house girl, in whose behalf he had laid out Mother Moses, the old harridan.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ROADHOUSE.

She seemed to find something familiar about him, too, for she looked at him in an earnest way.

"I think we have met before, miss," he said. "Your name is Nellie, isn't it?"

"Yes. And you are the boy who—"

"Interfered to save you from a hard-looking old woman whose name I was told is Mother Moses. That happened on — street in New York, about six weeks ago. You have managed to escape from that old hag, I judge, or I wouldn't have run across you here."

"No," she replied, in a hopeless tone; "I'll never get away from either her or Jim Poynders as long as they are able to prevent me."

"Do you mean to say that the old woman is here in this house?" asked Sid, not relishing the idea of encountering the hag again.

"She and Jim have gone to Jersey City to meet one of their friends."

"And they left you here alone?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you take advantage of the chance to make your escape?"

"I wouldn't dare," she replied with a frightened look.

"Wouldn't dare! If you went to the police and told your story they would put you out of reach of that old woman and her pal."

"Jim would find me and bring me back to Mother Moses, and then—"

She shuddered as she spoke and showed evident terror.

Sid saw that she was completely under the thumb of the two rascally persons who controlled her actions.

"Look here, Nellie, I've taken an interest in you and would like to do something that would save you from the companionship of these people you are living with."

"You can do nothing for me."

"I don't see why not. How came you to be connected with them? You are not one of their stripe. Why are they holding on to you? There is some good reason for it, or they wouldn't want a nice girl like you around, for there is nothing in common between you and them. I haven't seen this man you call Jim Poynders, but I judge his character from the fact of his association with such an old reprobate as Mother Moses, who, in my opinion, ought to be in prison."

The girl sank into her chair, buried her face in her hands and wept.

Sid felt more interested in her than ever, and deeply sympathized with her sad and unusual situation.

"Look here, Nellie, tell me the truth and I promise you I will do everything in my power to rescue you from the clutches of your cruel oppressors."

"I—I don't know much about myself," she sobbed; "but what little I remember I—I dare not tell. She, Mother Moses,

would kill me if I did. She said she would, and Jim said the same."

"But they never would know you told me. They are not here now."

"They would learn. They would see it in my face. Then they would—"

"It can't be possible that you have been very long in the society of these persons. You don't look or act like a girl raised in the slums. Your conversation shows that you have had the advantage of some education. Your face and figure indicate respectable and refined parentage. Had you been kidnaped when you were young, and brought up among such surroundings as the tenement of — street, or even worse, that life would have left its impress on you. Your nature would have been warped like a plank left for a long time in the sunshine. You cannot touch pitch without getting it on your hands and clothes. Do you see what I'm getting at? You have not long been under the power of Mother Moses and this Jim Poynders or you would show it. Am I not right?"

"I have known Jim Poynders as long as I can remember. He claims to be my father, but I do not believe it. At any rate he left me, when I was a very little girl, with a farmer and his wife, on Long Island. There I lived until five months ago when Jim Poynders, who had visited me at irregular intervals, came and took me away from the farm. He brought me to New York and gave me in charge of Mother Moses, with whom I lived in the tenement on — street. She treated me with great harshness, particularly when she was half drunk, as she mostly was. I made one attempt to run away, but she caught me before I got far, and she whipped me so cruelly that I could hardly move for a week. She told me then if I tried it again she'd kill me, and she thrust a wicked-looking knife before my face. She looked as if she meant it, and I believe she did. I have heard her mutter in her sleep about a policeman she stabbed years ago in Boston. Jim also told me that Mother Moses would think nothing of cutting me into ribbons if I tried to get away again, and he said he couldn't prevent her if she took a notion to do it. The afternoon you interfered to save me from her I stayed away from the house till after dark. When I went back I half expected to be killed. She started to beat me worse than ever when two men of the house stopped her. She got her knife and chased them up stairs. I believe she cut one of them badly and probably would have killed him if Jim had not come in and hauled her away. She would have been arrested, only that Jim got a wagon, put all our things on it and drove out here, where we have been since."

Sid listened to Nellie's story with interest, but he learned nothing from it that would throw any light on the girl's real history.

"Who was the farmer you lived with on Long Island?" he asked.

"His name was John Frost."

"Whereabouts on the island was the farm?"

"Near the town of Riverhead."

Sid made a note of those two facts in his mind.

He was pretty well satisfied that Nellie had been stolen from her rightful home and parents when she was very young, for some reason, by this Jim Poynders.

He suspected that revenge more than ransom figured in the matter, for surely the girl's parents would have spent their last dollar, if necessary, to get her back.

Still this might not be the true face of the case.

There might be other reasons in the background to account for the girl being under Poynder's control.

It was clear that she, the innocent victim of it all, was ignorant of the real truth, consequently Sid could only guess at the mystery.

He determined, however, to interest himself in her fate, and see if he could get a line on the secret that was at the bottom of the matter.

During the time they were talking the dark and lowering afternoon had merged into a rainy twilight that rapidly melted into the shades of early evening.

The rising wind blew in intermittent gusts across the marshes and flung the rain against the back windows with considerable force at times.

The storm which had been threatening for hours did not burst with full force, but seemed to be playing with the landscape.

It would rain for ten or fifteen minutes and then stop entirely.

Then it would come on again with fresh force, only to subside to a drizzle.

Sid not only paid no attention to the weather, but he had forgotten all about the important errand he was bound upon.

The packet of bonds rested in the inside pocket of his coat.

Several Hackensack cars passed within fifty yards of his place of shelter, but their fleeting presence had no influence on his actions.

His thoughts at present were centered in the girl, and he talked as gently to her as he might have done to his own sister, and strove in every way to cheer her up, and assure her of his strong interest in her welfare, present and future.

"You are so good to think of me," she said, flashing a look of gratitude in his face. "I haven't a friend in the world."

"You have one now, for you have me at your back," said Sid.

"But I don't want you to get yourself into trouble on my account," she said, earnestly. "You really cannot do anything for me."

"We'll see whether I can or not. At any rate I mean to try."

"No, no; Jim or Mother Moses would kill you if they caught you trying to take me away from them. You don't know how bad they are. You must not remain here any longer. It is dark outside and they may come back at any moment. If they found you here——"

"I could say I took shelter from the rain. It is still coming down, you see."

"They would put you out and beat me for letting you in," she said, with an anxious look from the door in the direction of the junction.

"It would never do to have you beaten on my account, so I suppose I'd better go, just as soon as the next car comes in sight."

"I wish it would stop raining, for it is too bad that you should get wet."

"Don't worry about me. I won't melt. Just put your trust in me, and remember that you have one friend who will do his best to rescue you from your present surroundings," said Sid, taking her hands in his and looking into her eyes.

"It is so kind of you to interest yourself in me. I know you are a brave boy and a strong one, from the way you treated Mother Moses that afternoon. She swore horribly that night, when she told Jim about the trouble. She said if she had her hands on you that moment she'd get even with you, and she meant it. Now go, please go, for if she and Jim found you here, and she remembered you, you might never get away alive."

"Well, good-by for the present, Nellie. You will hear from me when you least expect it."

He drew her face to his, kissed her on the lips, and started for the door.

"Wait till I look out before you go," she said, her nerves all of a tingle over his kiss, and her heart beating furiously with a newly-born sensation.

As she placed her hand on the knob a man stepped on the porch and began stamping his feet.

"Hurry up, Mother Moses; what in thunder is the matter with you?"

Nellie recognized the tones and her face went white.

With great presence of mind she shot the bolt and turned the key in the lock.

"They have come," she whispered, excitedly. "You must go out by the back."

She pulled Sid across the room to a door that commanded a view of the marsh, just as a heavy pounding came on the front door.

Shooting the bolt, a tremendous gust banged the door open in their faces and extinguished the candle.

"Go, go," she cried, earnestly.

She pushed him outside into the black night, shut the door and bolted it.

CHAPTER VI.

HODGE, THE WALL STREET OPERATOR.

Face to face with utter darkness and a driving gale laden with raindrops, Sid stood with his back to the door, utterly bewildered.

"This is a fierce situation to be in," he muttered: "I'll be like a drowned rat by the time a car picks me up, and will

present a fine appearance when I call on Mr. Taylor with the package he is expecting. It's as black as the ace of spades around here. I'm either at the back or the side of the house, and I've got to get around to the front to begin with."

He was conscious that he was standing on a platform or stoop, and lest he get a fall he began to move cautiously forward.

This was not easy to do in face of the fierce wind blowing against the house.

Suddenly his feet slipped and he shot off the low porch like a cannonball.

His extended legs crashed against something that sounded like glass.

His body followed his legs through the cellar window, carrying away sash and all in his flight, and he landed in a heap on a pile of gunny sacks.

The sacks broke his fall, and though badly shaken up he was not hurt in the least.

At first he hardly knew where he was, for his surroundings were pitch dark, but the absence of wind and rain soon made him realize that he had tumbled into the basement or cellar of the roadhouse.

He heard somebody come to the door above, look out and then go in again.

Then he heard footsteps on the boards above his head and guessed he was under the room from which he had just made his exit.

After a few moments of inaction he fumbled for his match-safe.

Pulling it out of his pocket he struck a light.

He saw by the stone walls around and the mass of rubbish that he was in a cellar.

Glancing up he saw the opening through which he had come in.

His clothes were covered with particles of glass and the wrecked sash lay on the bags at his feet.

There wasn't a cut on his hands or his face, and he marvelled greatly at his escape from a wound of some kind.

He saw he had carried away the crazy sash in his flight, which accounted for his face and hands having escaped a scratch.

The hole was too high for him to get out by without the aid of something to stand on, so he started to look for a box, or something else that would serve the same purpose.

There was nothing of the kind in the cellar.

He opened a door he came to and striking a match saw a flight of wooden steps before him.

There was a door at the head of them, and Sid ventured to walk up and open it to see where it led.

It opened on a hallway, and Sid found that fact out by striking a match.

There was a door at either end of this passage and one on the right side.

Also a flight of stairs communicating with the next story.

A dull gleam of light shone under the side door, so Sid judged that that door connected with the public room.

The door ahead he figured opened on the road in front of the house.

That was his avenue of retreat, so he was about to start for it when there came a smart pounding on the door.

"Gracious! A visitor! I must get out of this hallway or I'll be seen."

He had a quick choice between entering what seemed to be a rear room or returning to the cellar, and he chose the former as being the most convenient.

Sid heard a man's steps issue from the public room into the passage and go toward the door on which the knock had come. The knocking was repeated.

"I suppose that's Jim Poynders," thought Sid. "In fact it can't be any one else. I'd like to catch a sight of his face so I'll know him if I ever see him again."

It was Jim Poynders, and when he got to the door, he drew the bolt, turned the key and peered out.

"Who's there?" he asked gruffly.

"A stranger. My auto broke down a short way up the road. As it is raining heavily I can't walk any further and so would ask shelter for the night. I will pay you well."

"This is a public house, though I'm not doin' much business. Come in," said Poynders, assuming a friendly tone. "Are you alone?" he added as the man limped in.

"I am. You are very dark here."

"This is not the regular entrance—only a hallway. There is a light in the public room. Follow me," said Poynders after shutting and securing the door.

He led his visitor into the main room of the house, which was now illuminated by a lamp with a reflector set in a bracket attached to the wall near the bar.

Nellie and Mother Moses were cooking supper in the small kitchen off the room at the back near the door that Sid had made his hasty exit through.

The table at which Nellie had been sitting when Sid peeped through the blind from the outside, before he knocked for admittance, was spread with plates, knives and forks, and cups and saucers for three.

There was a fire burning in the stove which Poynders had kindled soon after his arrival with the old woman, for both of them had been wet.

"Let me help you off with your overcoat," said Poynders to his visitor. "Then take a chair by the fire and warm yourself."

With the man's assistance the stranger divested himself of his heavy overcoat, which Poynders spread across a chair at the back of the stove, and presented a well-dressed appearance.

A heavy gold watch-chain was hooked across his vest, diamond cuff buttons sparkled at his wrists, and a valuable diamond stud glistened in his handsome four-in-hand tie.

As Poynders noticed these evidences of wealth an avaricious gleam shot from his eyes, and a wicked expression came over his face.

The visitor was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, and appeared to be in good health.

"Shall I prepare you a glass of hot whisky? You will find it warming after your tramp in the rain," said Poynders.

"Thank you, I shall be glad to have it," replied the stranger. "I feel quite chilled by the raw night air, the wind and the rain."

He sat down before the fire while Poynders went behind the bar.

The proprietor of the roadhouse filled a tumbler half full of hot water, and communicated a few facts to the old woman in an undertone.

Mother Moses peered out at the visitor through a crack in the door, and then whispered something in Poynder's ear.

The man nodded, and re-entering the room went behind the bar again and added to the whisky a few drops of liquid from a small three-ounce druggist's bottle that he took from a drawer.

Then he walked over to the stranger and handed him the smoking whisky on a battered tray.

The gentleman took it, swallowed about half of it at a gulp, then after remarking that it seemed to go to the right spot, finished it and returned the tumbler to the tray, which Poynders carried away.

While these things were transpiring in the room, Sid had discovered a sliding panel in the wall of the little room in which he had taken refuge.

It had evidently been put there for the purpose of passing liquor through to persons in the small room.

Judging from the cobwebs hanging around it the panel had not been disturbed for a long time.

As a matter of fact, as the little room was not used by Poynders nor the old woman, the panel had escaped their observation.

Even had it attracted their notice they would have paid little attention to it.

With great caution Sid pushed the panel open an inch or two and looked into the public room.

Poynders was in the act of handing the whisky to his visitor and his back was towards the boy.

When he stepped back after the gentleman had taken the glass, Sid got a fair view of his countenance, and it was not a reassuring one by any means.

Rascal was written all over it in unmistakable characters, and the wonder was that the gentleman had not felt some misgivings at finding himself in the society of such a man in so lonesome a place.

After studying Poynders' physiognomy to his satisfaction, Sid looked at the visitor.

He gave a start of surprise, for in him he recognized Hodge, the Wall Street operator, of No. — Exchange Place.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PERIL OF MR. HODGE.

"Mr. Hodge here!" breathed Sid, much astonished at the wealthy Wall Street man's presence in the roadhouse. "What

has brought him to this neighborhood on such a night, and what could have induced him to seek hospitality in such a place? If that watch chain and diamond stud doesn't tempt these people to rob I am a poor guesser. Why, people have been murdered for much less than that—a good deal less. With such a display of jewelry, Poynders and Mother Moses will conclude he has a roll of money in his pocket as big as a house. I must save him somehow."

At this juncture Poynders stepped over to the visitor again.

"Supper is bein' cooked," he said. "Shall I have somethin' prepared for you—a chop or some ham and eggs?"

"No, thank you. I had my dinner in Hackensack, and am not at all hungry. If you will show me to a room presently where I can rest till morning, it is all I require."

"Nellie," called Poynders.

The girl made her appearance from the kitchen.

"Go up stairs and prepare the front room for the use of this gentleman," said the rascal. "He is goin' to remain all night."

"The front room," said Nellie, looking at the operator in a nervous way.

"I said the front room," replied Poynders, with a threatening look.

The fresh beauty of the girl, as well as her artless, innocent look, attracted Hodge's attention.

"Is that your daughter?" he asked as Nellie moved toward the door.

"My daughter! Sure."

"She doesn't seem to resemble you," replied the trader, dryly.

"That isn't my fault. She looks like her mother," answered Poynders.

"Her mother must be a fine woman, then."

"She's dead and buried long ago," said the rascal.

"Oh!" exclaimed the operator, and he looked at the stove.

Poynders went to the front door and looked out.

"It's stormin' worse than ever," he said when he came back.

"You were lucky comin' to this place."

"Yes," replied Hodge. "It feels comfortable to be under a roof on such a night."

"You were on your way to New York, I suppose, when your auto broke down?"

"Yes."

"You were not alone, eh?"

"My chauffeur was with me. I sent him back to a blacksmith shop we passed for help to try and repair the machine."

"Then he knows you came here?"

"No, for I was not aware that there was a house in this direction. My purpose was to catch a trolley car at the junction. It came on to rain so hard that, seeing this house, I decided to ask for shelter."

"You did the right thing. May I ask your name?"

"Hodge—Andrew Hodge."

"Of Wall Street?" exclaimed Poynders, looking a bit startled.

"Yes. How did you know?"

The man looked confused, but recovering himself said:

"I heard your name mentioned by a couple of brokers who stopped here yesterday for drinks and a light lunch."

"Indeed. They did not give you their names, did they?"

"No. They were strangers to me."

Hodge turned to the stove again.

In a few minutes he put his hand to his head.

"The heat of the room seems to have made me drowsy," he said. "If the room is ready I will go to bed."

"I guess it's ready by this time," said Poynders. "I'll show you upstairs."

"Thank you," replied the operator, rising from his chair with some difficulty. "I don't know," he added, "but my head feels kind of queer. I wonder if the wetting I got could have—dear me, the room seems to dance around me. Pray, give me your arm. I never felt this way before. I hope I'm not going to be ill here."

"You'll be all right in the mornin'," said Poynders, supporting his uncertain steps to the door. "Lean on me and I'll get you up stairs in a minute."

They passed out of the room together and then Mother Moses, who had been watching from the kitchen door, came into the place with a hideous leer on her wicked countenance.

"Gee! She's a fierce looking old hag," muttered Sid, who was able to size her up better than at the time he had the scrap with her. "I believe she wouldn't hesitate to commit a murder if she thought she could gain anything by

it. If Mr. Hodge had seen her I think he'd have changed his mind about remaining here all night; but she was smart enough to keep in the background. I wonder what was the matter with him when he left the room? He didn't act just right. I hope he isn't sick. It doesn't seem to me that the wetting he got would affect him in that way, at least not so soon. When that rascal comes back I must slip upstairs and warn him of the character of the man and woman in this house."

Mother Moses stood looking at the door which had closed behind Poynders and the operator.

"What luck!" she chuckled, rubbing her skinny fingers together, while a wicked light shone in her bleared eyes. "He must have a pile of money about him. Them Wall Street men always do. That diamond pin must be worth a lot. Them cuff buttons and that watch and chain, too. Fine pluckin', he, he, he! Fine pluckin' for Jim and me. No one knows he came here—no one, he, he, he! The marsh is handy—right at the door, and no one need ever know. If his body is found it's easy to say that he walked in there in the dark and the storm. Ho, ho, ho! No one will ever suspect us. Why should they? We ought to make enough out of this night's pluck to go West. Jim has been wantin' to go for some time, but things were ag'in us. Now this slice of good fortin' comes to our door. I know'd somethin' would happen soon. Yes, sir; I dreamed t'other night that Jim and me was ridin' in our carriage like swell folks, and that the money had come to us through that gal. Confound her fair innocent face. I hate it!" and the speaker worked her fingers savagely. "Jim was a fool to have her brought up on that farm. He should have raised her in the slums, and then she wouldn't have that face. No, no; she'd be like the others. Ah, if I only dared spile her beauty for her. If I only dared; but Jim won't have it. Jim is too soft-hearted; but I'll make a man of him yet. To-night, perhaps."

She muttered her thoughts loud enough for Sid to hear the larger part, and the wicked way in which she spoke made the boy's blood run cold.

At that moment Nellie returned, and Mother Moses chased her into the kitchen and told her to put supper on the table.

The girl hastened to obey, and by the time everything was ready Poynders came back.

The three drew their chairs to the table and began to eat—Poynders and Mother Moses with an excellent appetite.

Sid determined to take advantage of the chance to go upstairs and warn Mr. Hodge.

He slipped stealthily out of the room and was presently mounting the stairs on his toes.

"He's in the front room," thought the boy, stealing along the landing.

There were two doors in front and two at the back.

Sid opened the door directly ahead and looked in.

It was so dark he could see nothing, so he struck a match and saw that it was a small room, furnished with a cot, a washstand, a small old-style bureau and a chair.

There was no one there, and a dress hanging from a hook with a hat beside it, and some other female apparel, told him it was the room occupied by Nellie.

"He's in the next room, which is doubtless larger," thought the boy.

So he turned the handle of the door on his right and walked into the room.

He heard heavy breathing from a corner.

Striking another match he saw Mr. Hodge stretched upon a large-sized bed with his clothes on.

"Good; I'm glad he is not undressed," breathed Sid.

Going up to the sleeper he seized him by the arm and shook him.

The operator did not respond.

"Wake up, Mr. Hodge," said Sid, shaking him with more energy.

The Wall Street man, however, did not wake up, nor show the slightest signs of doing so.

"My gracious! He must be in a sound sleep," thought the boy, who thereupon shook him with some roughness.

The operator still breathed on, and showed no more animation than a log.

"Surely there is something the matter with him," said Sid anxiously.

He lit a match and held it to the gentleman's face.

"That isn't a natural sleep. I believe he has been dragged.

In that case I can do nothing to get him away from this den of villainy. They will rob him at their leisure, and then perhaps to cover up the crime, throw him into the marsh. I heard the old woman mutter something about the marsh, but what it was I didn't catch. What shall I do?"

Sid was face to face with a very serious problem, and he hardly knew how to act.

Andrew Hodge was a large man, and it was not possible for Sid to think of getting him out of the house by himself.

How then was he to save the gentleman from the fate that hung over his head!

He made another effort to arouse the operator, but it was as fruitless of result as the other.

As he stood in the darkness thinking how desperate the situation was an idea occurred to him.

He struck another match and looked at the gentleman.

"He has not been robbed yet," he muttered. "If I take property there will be nothing for these people to lay hold of, and consequently there will be no excuse for them to touch him. At any rate I'll be able to foil them, and that's a whole lot."

With this purpose in view, Sid hastily detached Mr. Hodge's gold watch and chain and put them in his pocket.

Then he pulled out the diamond scarf-pin and stuck it in the folds of his vest.

The diamond cuff buttons followed.

Then he went through the operator's clothes and found, as he expected, quite a roll of money, the amount of which he did not waste time to find out.

Having secured everything worth taking, Sid left the room as softly as he entered it and returned to the passage below.

He went to the front door and opened it.

It was raining torrents outside and blowing great guns.

"Lord, must I go out in that?" he muttered.

Then it struck him that he ought to remain in the house at all risk and see that Mr. Hodge was not made way with.

It took a lot of nerve to decide to stay in the danger zone when the worst he could expect outside was a complete ducking, which, of course, was bad enough in its way; but Sid had as much sand as any boy alive, and he believed it was his duty to stand by the Wall Street man to the limit.

So he closed the door, but did not secure it, and returned to the little room at the rear of the passage.

CHAPTER VIII.

JIM POYNDERS GETS HIS.

Opening the sliding panel once more Sid looked into the public room where he had left Poynders, Mother Moses and Nellie eating supper together.

They were just finishing the meal—in fact Nellie was already through and was in the kitchen washing some of the dishes, and thinking, perhaps, of the boy who had promised to help her get free from her miserable surroundings.

His kiss still tingled on her young lips, and the thought of it made her heart beat faster, and sent the red roses into her cheeks.

She supposed he was miles away from the roadhouse by that time, and great, indeed, would have been her anxiety for him had she even suspected he was concealed only a few yards from the room in which she stood.

The old hag and Poynders were talking together in a low tone, but as the table at which they were seated was close to the panel every word they said was easily heard by Sid.

"He's safe enough, Mother Moses," said Poynders. "As soon as Nellie is done with her work we'll send her to bed and then pay our man a visit."

"That diamond in his scarf must be worth a lot of money," said the hag in a greedy tone.

"You can bet it is—close on to a thousand dollars," replied the man, with a look of satisfaction.

"As much as that? What luck! And them cuff buttons."

"A hundred dollars if they're worth a cent."

"Did you look at his watch? That chain looks to be heavy—the real stuff."

"No, I didn't touch anything. Time enough for that, for he's our meat, to pick over at our own convenience."

"Best of all he must have a roll of bills in his pocket. How my mouth waters when I think of it," cried the hag.

"Of course. I expect to find a wad in his clothes."

"And when we have plucked him, what then? It's the marsh, isn't it? The marsh tells no tales. He will be gone and that will be the end of him."

"The marsh! No, no."

"And why not?" hissed the old harridan. "Are you goin' to let him wake up in the mornin' in the room and find himself cleaned out? A pretty thing that would be. He would accuse us of takin' his property, and what could we say? We can't leave here on such a night as this. Even if we did the police would soon spot us, and then we'd be locked up, and tried, and sent away for a long time."

"We must get rid of him, but not by way of the marsh."

"What better way than that?"

"It's death and he must not die."

"Bah! Jim Poynders, you always was chicken-hearted. It will be your ruin."

"I have my reasons why he must live. He is valuable to me."

"In what way?" sneered the hag. "Do you expect to get another chance to rob him? Such luck don't happen twice with the same man."

"My reasons are my own, Mother Moses," replied Poynders, sourly.

"So. You have a secret from me, eh? Take care, Jim Poynders, how you go back on me," said the harridan, savagely. "We were to pull together, and divide equally. If you try to cheat me I'll—"

"Well, you'll do what?" said the man, in an ugly tone.

"I'll fix you—fix you, do you hear?" she screamed.

"Yes, I believe you would—if you got the chance," said Poynders, as Nellie, attracted by the shrill tones of the hag's voice, came trembling to the kitchen door and looked into the room.

"Don't you tempt me, Jim Poynders," hissed Mother Moses. "You ought to know me. I've helped you work your points, and I'll have my rights."

"And I've saved your neck many a time, for you're too handy with that tongue of yours. Only for me you wouldn't be sittin' here to-night. The electric chair would have shocked your old life out of you long ago."

"Bah! I can look out for myself. I've done it before I met you. Was I hung for the cop I fixed in Boston?"

The old woman grinned like a famished hyena.

"And there are others you know nothin' about. I've got the grit that you lack, Jim Poynders. But we are wastin' time. I'll send Nellie to bed, and then we'll pluck our bird. After that how are you goin' to get rid of him and still let him live to put the police on us? If I don't like your plan I will have my own way in spite of you."

"My plan is to tell him in the mornin' that the house was entered by thieves durin' the night and that we were cleaned out as well as he," said Poynders.

The old hag cackled scornfully.

"You expect me to believe that, eh? And the police, they will believe it, too, when he reports that matter in Hackensack? Are you losin' your brains, Jim Poynders? Do you s'pose I want the cops nosin' around where I am? Don't you know I've waited in New York forartin' that chap on ——— street the night we left there? Don't you s'pose the Jersey police have my description, and if they found me here they'd nab me?"

"You wasn't afraid to go with me to Jersey City to-day?"

"We took care not to go where we'd run agin the cops. Didn't we? We visited a pal of yours who's layin' low for reasons. We didn't take any chances. It would be dif'rent if the cops came to us."

"You could make yourself scarce for a few days."

"This is the safest place for me, and here I mean to stay till you're ready to go West. The chap upstairs ought to tell us the truth. If you don't want to see his mouth up and down, I'll go on my way in the mornin' with all my goods, and then go and find the church, Jim Poynders," sneered the hag in a withered tone.

"You can't tell me your fear, gub?" snarled the man.

"No, I can't. You're right, Jim Poynders, and I won't let you make a fool of yourself. The gent upstairs has to go into the marsh after his pluck, do you hear me? If you don't want to take a head in it leave him to me. I'll drop him out of the window and drag him to a hole that'll cover him for good. Then to-morrow we'll pack up and leave with our wag."

The hag spoke like a person who was laying the law down and would not be gainsaid.

"I tell you no. I won't have him harmed," cried Poynder, hoarsely.

The hag sprang on her feet, livid with passion.

"Nellie," she screeched, "go to bed."

The girl, who had finished her work in the kitchen, was glad to take advantage of the order, and left the room by way of the passage.

The aspect of things between Mother Moses and Jim Poynders made her more than ordinarily nervous.

She had often seen them quarrel, but never was the old woman aroused to the pitch she was to-night.

Nellie feared serious trouble between them, and she didn't want to be a witness if they came to blows, for she feared it might end in murder.

She rushed up to her room and flung herself on the bed in a tremor of apprehension, with her hands pressed over her ears to shut out any sounds that might come up to her.

She trembled not only for herself but for the gentlemanly visitor in the adjoining room.

She felt certain that he would be robbed, perhaps murdered, during the night, and the thought of such a thing filled her gentle soul with horror.

Outside the storm held high carnival.

The howling wind shook the crazy old building from foundation to roof, and the rain spattered loudly on her window.

It seemed a fitting night for crime to stalk forth unchecked.

And while she lay trembling on her bed, Sid was also quivering with excitement in the little room below.

The old hag with blood in her eye had drawn a wicked looking knife from somewhere about her, and her attitude toward Poynders was one of awful menace.

"Is it the marsh or isn't it?" she screamed, leaning toward him in the attitude of a panther about to spring on its prey.

"No it isn't," replied the man doggedly, drawing his hand from his hip.

With a screech Mother Moses sprang at him with her gleaming blade in air, only to stop and recoil as she fell into the barrel of a glistening revolver.

"Thought you'd catch me off my guard, didn't you, Mother Moses?" he cried. "But I know whom I'm dealin' with. Drop that knife or I'll drop you."

The hag uttered a terrible cry but did not obey the order.

She tried to circle around him, but the effort was a failure.

For every step she took Poynders had to move hardly an inch to keep her covered.

Baffled completely in her efforts to reach him, she flung the knife on the floor in a rage and falling down herself seemed to go into a fit.

Poynders picked up the knife and tossed it behind the bar.

Returning the revolver to his pocket he looked down at the hag.

"Get up," he said roughly. "It is time we went upstairs and cleaned out the visitor. You shall have half the money we find in his clothes and his diamond cuff buttons to boot. Get up and act reasonable."

He reached down to seize her by the arm.

As he did so the wily harridan, who was only shamming, suddenly rose up, and flung her arms around his waist.

"Here, I say, quit that," he cried.

But he never suspected her deadly object.

Her talon-like fingers were feeling for the butt of his revolver.

In a moment she got one hand on it, drew it from his pocket and gave him a push that sent him staggering back.

"Now, Jim Poynders, I've got you," she screeched, covering him with his own weapon. "I say it's the marsh, d'ye hear. Not only for him upstairs but for you, too."

With a fiendish look she pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a sharp report, and Poynders whirled around and fell flat on the floor on his face, where he lay quite still.

CHAPTER IX.

SID SHOWS HIS HAND.

"He, he, he!" cackled the old woman. "You've got your fat last, Jim Poynders. And it's your own fault, you fool."

You ought to have known better than to go ag'in me. Now you'll go into the marsh yourself along with the gent upstairs. I'll do all the pluckin' myself. I'll have your share and mine, too. My dream will come true, for I shall ride in my carriage like any fine lady; but it will be out West, where the cops don't know Mother Moses. Nellie shall be my maid, and wait on me. She's under my thumb now, but with Jim out of the way I'll lead her a life, and spile her beauty, and do as I please with the miss. Now to business," she said, laying the revolver on the table. "Now to pluck the bird, and then to the marsh with both of them. Bah, you white-livered fool!" she cried, giving the motionless rascal a contemptuous kick with her shoe.

She picked up the candle Nellie had used, lighted it and left the room.

Sid, staring through the opening of the panel at the body of Jim Poynders, heard her steps shuffling along the entry, and on the stairs going up.

When they died away above he woke up to the changed situation.

The tragedy that had just happened under his eyes was not wholly unexpected by him, for the hag's purpose had been evident to him from the moment she sent Nellie from the room.

He felt that one or the other of the two was going to get hurt over the difference of opinion about the disposition of the drugged operator.

When Poynders yanked his revolver out he thought the bar was doomed, but the reverse was the fact, owing to the craftiness of the old woman, who artfully turned defeat into victory.

And now what was he to do?

There would be something doing the moment Mother Moses discovered that Mr. Hodge had been cleaned out already.

She would, of course, suspect that Poynders had robbed their victim himself while he was upstairs with him, and she would come down in a great rage and search his body.

Sid's plan of action was outlined the moment his eyes rested on the revolver lying on the table.

With that in his hand he felt that Mother Moses, with all her craft, could not turn the tables on him.

To that end was to act with Sid.

It took but a few moments for him to run into the room and pick up the weapon.

Then dashing for the rear door he removed the key.

Running to the front door he took possession of that key, too.

There was also a key in the door opening on the entry.

He reversed its position in the lock.

Having had he accomplished that when he heard the old woman coming down the stairs, muttering savagely to herself.

Not knowing what she was going to do, and he retired to the little room to wait for her to re-enter the public room.

When he heard her slam the door he came out and turned the key on her.

He had no choice for the time being.

She could not get out by either of the doors, but she might do so by way of one of the windows.

However, Sid had done the best he could to block her.

He intended to go upstairs and remain at the head of the stairs until morning, protecting both Mr. Hodge and Nellie from any move on the old woman's part if she broke the entry door down—a fact he was not sure but she was capable of accomplishing.

He first went to the front door of the entry and secured it, putting the key in his pocket, and then he ascended the stairs.

He wondered if Nellie was asleep.

To find out he went to her door, opened it and looked in. The room was just as dark as when he inspected it the first time.

"Nellie," he said, in his ordinary tones.

There was a movement on the bed.

"Nellie, are you awake. It is I, Sid Davenport."

A shadow came up and a soft cry came from it.

"You—your back here!" cried Nellie. "Oh, why did you come?"

"I didn't mean, Nellie," he said, stepping forward and sitting on the bed, looking around her, "because I haven't been away from the house at all."

"You haven't been away?" she exclaimed in wonder.

"No. When you put me out of the back door I missed

my footing and slid off the porch through a window into the cellar."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "That was the crash we heard. My heart jumped into my mouth when Jim Poynders went to the door and looked out. I was afraid it was you, and that he'd see you."

"I heard him come to the door. I was in the cellar at the time."

"Do you know if anything happened downstairs? I heard a shot, and then Mother Moses came upstairs and went into the next room where the gentleman, who took shelter here soon after you left, is sleeping. I am sure she went there to rob him. Perhaps she has killed him, though I heard no cry. I am so frightened," and she trembled in his arms, and clung to him as her only protector.

"Yes, something has happened. Mother Moses got Poynders's revolver from him and shot him."

"Shot him!"

"Yes. She's settled him for good, I judge, and you are done of him."

"Oh, my!"

"I've got the old woman locked in the room downstairs, and she can't get out except by breaking through one of the windows. I am glad to keep her away from this part of the house at any rate. If she escapes she'll have to leave you behind. I guess you've seen the last of her, for in the morning I intend to put the police on her track. They're bound to catch her, sooner or later, and then I'll see that she gets what is coming to her. I saw her shoot Poynders, and my testimony will convict her. After this I shall take care of you myself. You shall go home with me and my mother and sister will look after you until some arrangements can be made for your future."

"It seems too good to be true," faltered the girl.

"I told you I'd stand by you and I have kept my word."

"Yes, yes, you have. I am so grateful to you—indeed I am."

"All right, and don't fear but I will continue to stand by you. I will look out for you just as if you were a sister, so cheer up, Nellie, and put your trust in me. I'll never go back on you. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes. You are so good."

He drew her face to his and kissed her.

"Oh!" she cried, hiding her head on his shoulder.

"Are you glad to have me for a protector?"

"Yes, yes."

"And you will look on me as a friend?"

"Yes."

"Remember my name is Sid, and you will call me that. Now I'm going outside to keep my eye on Mother Moses, and see that she doesn't get too gay."

"Oh, Sid, be careful. She has a knife," said the girl, tremulously.

"Poynders took it away from her and threw it behind the bar. She may have got it again, it is true, but I've got the revolver she shot him with, and that will protect me. As for the gentleman in the next room, he's as safe as you are. He has not been robbed by Mother Moses, because I visited the room while you three were eating supper, and took charge of his money, his watch and other jewelry. The old woman, I dare say, is furious by this time. After shooting Poynders she came up to rob the gentleman, and finding nothing on him she went back to search the dead man below, thinking he cleaned the gentleman out himself when he brought him upstairs. She has found out that Poynders hasn't got the plunder about him, so I guess she's searching the room below to discover where he hid it."

Sid changed his mind about mounting guard at the head of the stairs.

He was curious to learn what the old woman was doing.

He also wanted to prevent her from leaving the house, for she was so slick that she might be able to elude capture if she once got away, and he considered she was too dangerous a character to be at large.

So, after telling Nellie to go to bed and sleep, so as to be ready to go away with him in the morning, he went downstairs.

Peeping through the panel he saw the old woman sitting in a chair staring at her dead partner in guilt.

Poynders was lying on the bed with his pockets all turned inside out.

There were signs of confusion around the bar, where the bar had evidently been searching for the swag she was wanted for the night bailiff.

As a matter of fact she had searched the whole room and then sat down to consider what she would do next.

When Sid looked in at her she had just come to the conclusion that the plunder was hidden upstairs in the room where the gentleman lay in his drugged sleep.

She sprang up and went to the door.

Her surprise and consternation was great when she found it was locked on the other side.

To her mind there was no one in the house who could have done this but the girl Nellie.

She shook the door furiously and uttered fearful yells.

Finding the door resisted her efforts she rushed to the bar and picked up a bung starter.

Her intention was to smash in the panels and force her way out.

Sid realized that he would have to chip in and prevent her.

It would not do for her to get upstairs, for he'd only have to follow and tackle her there at some disadvantage.

The present was the best time to take the bull by the horns.

So when she rushed at the door, with wrath in her eye, he shoved the panel wide open and cried:

"Hold on, Mother Moses. Your game is up. Drop that bung starter or you're liable to land in the morgue."

Thus speaking Sid menaced the hag with his revolver.

CHAPTER X.

SID AND THE WALL STREET MAN.

The hag started back with a snarling cry and glared at the unexpected apparition of the revolver and the boy's face at the open panel.

"Who are you?" she hissed. "And what are you doin' in this house?"

"I am here to see your finish," replied Sid coolly.

Quick as a flash the old woman whirled the bung starter at him.

Sid was taken by surprise and barely dodged in time to save his face.

The movement caused him to pull the trigger.

There was a flash, a report and a terrible cry from the old woman.

When he looked in she was rolling about on the floor, one of her legs shattered by the ball.

He watched her for some moments with grim satisfaction.

He would hardly have cared if he had killed her, though the idea of shedding human blood was repellent to him.

He scarcely regarded her as better than a wild animal.

She made desperate attempts to get on her feet, uttering horrible cries all the time, but she couldn't.

She saw that he had effectually crippled her, and that her power for working further mischief was practically at an end for the present.

Leaving the panel he went to the door and was in the act of unlocking it when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Oh, Sid, what has happened?" said Nellie's voice in his ears.

"You heard, Nellie! I've laid Mother Moses out."

"Have you killed her?" she fluttered.

"No. You hear her howling, don't you? She's wounded in one of her legs, I think. I did it accidentally, but I'm not sorry. It simplifies matters. She won't be able to make her escape now, so the police will surely get her in the morning."

"Are you going in where she is?"

"Yes; she can't hurt me now. Besides, I've the revolver to protect me."

He flung the door open and entered the room.

Mother Moses fairly frothed at the mouth when she saw him.

She reached out her arms at him and worked her fingers as if she hungered to tear him to pieces.

When she saw Nellie in the gloom behind she became still more enraged, and flung the most awful threats at her, so that the poor girl shrank back terrified.

"Cut it out, you old harridan," cried Sid, sternly. "I've heard enough from you. Cut it out, do you hear?"

But the old woman would cut nothing out.

She was the very incarnation of viciousness.

She worked herself up till nature couldn't stand it and then she fell back in a real fit, which ended in unconsciousness.

"She's settled," said Sid. "Is there a bit of rope about the place?"

"Nothing but a piece of clothes line outside," replied Nellie.

Sid went to the back door and opened it.

The storm had spent itself by this time.

The rain had stopped and the clouds were breaking up. Taking his knife from his pocket he stepped out and cut the line.

Then he bound the old hag securely with it.

While he was thus engaged, Nellie gazed fearfully at the dead Jim Poynders.

She could hardly realize that one of her persecutors was gone, and the other in a fair way to follow him, leaving her a free girl at last.

Sid dragged the unconscious harridan out of the way, but did not touch the corpse.

Then turning down the lamp over the bar he locked the passage door, and went upstairs with Nellie.

"Everything is safe for the rest of the night," said Sid. "Is there another bed in the house where I can lie down?"

"There is a cot in the large back room where Mother Moses slept," replied the girl.

She opened the door of the apartment and Sid struck a match and looked in.

The room was in the confusion that the old hag kept it, but the cot was ready for occupancy, as Nellie had made it that morning and it had not been touched since.

"You go to bed now, Nellie, and don't feel nervous," said Sid. "You saw me tie the old woman so tight that she can't possible work herself loose. There is no danger of any more trouble to-night. I'll be asleep inside of ten minutes. Good night."

He kissed her again, and Nellie returned to her own room.

She undressed and went to bed, but it was long before she closed her eyes.

A new and pleasant future was opening before her, and that of itself was sufficient to keep her awake.

But her heart was swayed by other indescribable sensations, of which the brave boy who had come to her rescue figured most prominently.

She regarded him as her one and only friend, and what she wouldn't have been willing to do for him is hardly worth mentioning.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when Sid awoke in his strange surroundings.

He had not removed his clothes when he lay down, so it was but the work of a moment to put on his jacket, after washing his face and arranging his hair as best he could.

Knocking on Nellie's door he found her already up and waiting for him.

He looked into the large front room and found the operator sitting on the edge of the bed looking rather dopy.

"Good morning, Mr. Hodge," he said. "How do you feel?"

The Wall Street man blinked at him.

"Morning, young man," he said. "You belong to the house, I suppose?"

"No, sir. I should hope not."

Mr. Hodge stared at him.

"I asked you how you felt, sir," added the boy.

"Rather ragged. My head feels a bit light."

"I believe that's one of the after effects of a dose of knock-out drops."

"What's that?"

"I suppose I shall surprise you when I tell you that you were drugged last night," said Sid cheerfully.

"I was drugged last night?"

"Yes, sir. You were hocused all right."

The operator looked at him in bewilderment.

"Why should I have been drugged?" he said slowly.

"So that you could be robbed with ease. Have you the time?"

Mr. Hodge's hand went to his watch pocket, but of course his watch was not there.

He looked down in a startled way and missed his massive gold chain.

Instinctively he felt for his expensive diamond pin, and found that gone, too.

So were his diamond cuff buttons, a present from a valued friend.

Then he dived into his trouser's pocket where he carried his roll.

His wad had vanished like everything else.

"My heavens! I've been robbed. Look here, young man, do you know who has done this?"

He looked at Sid as if he suspected him of complicity in the crime.

"Yes, sir. I know all about the matter."

"You do. Are you mixed up in this affair?"

"Yes, sir; but not in the way I judge you think. Let me introduce myself. My name is Sid Davenport. Until six weeks ago I was office boy and messenger for Thomas Brown, broker, whose office is at No. — Wall Street. At present I am not employed. My father is manager for the Parker-Golden Automobile Co. on Warren street, and I live in Harlem. Now you know who I am."

"Well, how is it you are here and know that I was drugged and robbed? Make your story short, for I've got to see the police at once and put them on the track of this business," said Mr. Hodge, impatiently.

"There is no hurry, sir, as you will understand after you have heard all."

"No hurry! Do you know that I have lost \$400 in money and nearly \$2,000 worth of jewelry including my watch and chain. My diamond pin cost me \$1,200."

"Well, you won't lose anything. The man who drugged you is dead downstairs, shot by his partner in crime. They quarreled over what should be done with you in order to keep you from reporting the robbery in the morning. The woman——"

"What woman? I only saw a very pretty, innocent-looking girl last night."

"You didn't see the old harridan. She kept out of sight while you were in the room below. That's where she was smart, for had you seen her your suspicions of the character of the house would doubtless have been aroused. She's the worst of the rascally pair who set out to do you. She insisted that you be thrown into the marsh near at hand on the principle that dead men tell no tales."

"What!" gasped the operator. "Did they intend to murder me, too?"

"The woman, whose name is Mother Moses, did, and because the man wouldn't do it she shot and killed him."

"She did?"

"I saw her do it."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. Then she came upstairs intending to rob you herself and secure all the plunder for herself, after which she meant to drag you to the marsh and throw you in to drown."

"It is clear that she robbed me, but she did not carry out her other intention or I should not be here now."

"She didn't rob you, sir."

"Who did then, if you know?"

"I performed that job myself while Mother Moses and her rascally partner were eating their supper."

"What! You robbed me?"

"Not exactly. I took possession of your property in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the would-be robbers. Allow me to return it to you and thus relieve your mind."

Sid pulled the roll out of his pocket.

"There's your money, just as I took it in the dark. Here are your cuff buttons. Here's your watch and chain, and here is your diamond stick-pin. That's all, sir."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. HODGE'S STOLEN DAUGHTER.

"Young man, it seems I am under great obligations to you; but still the case is not very clear to me," said Mr. Hodge as he took his property with a feeling of great relief.

"You will understand all presently. As we have plenty time I will begin my story at the beginning in order that you may learn how I came to be here."

So Sid explained about the errand his friend Broker Carter had sent him on, an errand, he regretted to say, he had not been able to carry out as yet.

"Being compelled to leave the car I came thus far on in order to take the next car at that junction, and a sudden

downpour of rain, are the causes that made me come to this house. I was admitted by the pretty girl you saw, who, I may assure you, is entirely innocent of any wrong-doing. But of her I'll talk with you later on. The woman and the man, the one you saw last night, were not in at the time, but when they showed up I, for reasons, got out at the back."

Sid then told how he fell into the cellar, where he was when Mr. Hodge rapped for admission, and all that happened after that as we have told it in the foregoing chapters.

The operator was much astonished by his recital.

"Where is the young girl?" he asked.

"In the next room waiting for me," replied Sid. "She has been in the power of the old woman and the dead Poynders, but she is now under my care."

"Who is she, and how came she in their power?" asked Mr. Hodge, in a tone that betrayed some agitation.

"She doesn't know her own real identity. Her earliest recollection is connected with Jim Poynders. It's my opinion she was kidnapped from her home when a little girl."

"My heavens!" ejaculated the operator, now showing unusual emotion. "Let me see her."

"Certainly, sir. I will bring her in here," replied Sid, surprised at the gentleman's agitation.

He went to the door and called Nellie in.

"Nellie, this is Mr. Andrew Hodge, a rich Wall Street man, who, as you know, took shelter here last night, and narrowly escaped being robbed and murdered."

The girl advanced timidly, holding on to Sid's arm.

Mr. Hodge looked at her keenly and with great earnestness.

His agitation appeared to increase.

"My dear," he said, in tremulous tones, "have you no recollection of your parents?"

"No, sir," she replied, with downcast eyes. "Jim Poynter claimed to be my father, but I am sure he wasn't."

"What is your earliest recollection?"

"As a child on a farm on Long Island with a man and wife named Frost, who I thought were my parents till one day, when I was ten years of age, Jim Poynders came and told me he was my father, and that my mother was dead."

"Was that the first time you remember seeing him?"

"Yes. When I went away I ran to Mrs. Frost and sobbed out my wonder and grief in her ears. Then she told me how, when I was a very little girl, Jim Poynders had left me at the farm to be brought up, telling the Frosts that he was my father and could not care for me himself. He went away and did not come back till that day, eight years after."

"I'll bet the reason was because he was serving time in prison for some crime," volunteered Sid.

"I loved Mrs. Frost, for she was very kind to me, and I grieved to think that she was not my father," went on Nellie. "Two years afterward she died and Mr. Frost married again. His second wife was not kind to me. She made me work hard, and treated me harshly. Jim Poynders called occasionally, but never appeared to think much of me. Five months ago he came and took me away, and that is how I came to be with Mother Moses."

"My dear, I lost my only little daughter when she was two years old," said Mr. Hodge, with emotion. "She was stolen from home by a rascal named Bryant, whom I had discharged from my employ. I spent a fortune trying to find her, but in vain. I never learned what became of Bryant either. It may be that you are my lost little daughter. You have her eyes as I remember her, and her hair was golden like yours. When stolen she had around her neck a diamond incrustated cross, attached to a gold chain. You do not remember such a bauble?" he asked eagerly.

"No," replied Nellie, shaking her head.

"The rascal who stole your child probably took it off and sold it," said Sid, who was listening with astonishment to the operator's revelation.

He thought what a great thing it would be for Nellie if she proved to be Mr. Hodge's daughter.

The operator looked disappointed.

"I must see and talk to this Frost," he said. "Where is his farm?"

"Near Riverhead," said the girl.

"Heaven grant that you prove to be my child. Will you come home with me, dear? My wife is dead, but my sister will care for you as if you were indeed our own. I already feel drawn to you, and should your identity not be cleared

up I will adopt you and give you my child's place in my heart and home."

Nellie looked at Sid with swimming eyes.

"You had better accept, Nellie. It's a grand chance for you," said the boy.

"Then you don't want me?" she said, with quivering lips.

"I have promised to stand by you, little girl," said Sid, putting his arms about her, whereupon she threw her arms around his neck, and began to cry on his shoulder, "and I will if you don't want to go with Mr. Hodge; but he is a wealthy man, Nellie, and can do more for your advantage in a minute than I can in a year."

"I don't want anything. I only want to be with you. I love you with all my heart because you have saved me from Jim Poynders and Mother Moses, and I will work for you if I can. Don't give me up now, I can't bear it. It would break my heart?"

"There, there, don't cry. You shall do as you please. But remember, you may be Mr. Hodge's real daughter. If that fact can be proved, think how nice it will be to find you have a father who will love and care for you, and make a fine young lady of you."

"But I want you, too," she said, clinging to him.

"Mr. Hodge will let me call and see you. He wouldn't refuse you anything."

"The girl appears to love you," said the operator. "Take her home with you, and to-morrow morning call at my office and we will have a talk about her."

"All right, sir. Now let us go downstairs and see how matters are below."

Nellie remained in the passage while Sid and Mr. Hodge entered the public room.

"There is the corpse of Jim Poynders," said Sid. "He doubtless held the secret of Nellie's identity, but his lips will never disclose it now. Somehow I believe the girl really is your lost daughter, sir."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Hodge, eagerly.

"Because Poynders seemed to have some special reason for saving you from going into the marsh. If any person knew the desperate chances he was taking by opposing that she-fiend's will Jim Poynders did, and yet he held out against her. I was watching them and I noted that he was doggedly stubborn in his opposition to bringing about your death. Why should he have any interest in you? Why risk his life in an argument to save yours? Doesn't that show something unusual at the bottom?"

"It looks so," replied the operator.

"Well, he lost his life, and there is his murderess yonder, bound as I left her. I see she's conscious now. I saw her shoot Poynders, and by gracious I'll see that she goes to the gallows for it if there is law in New Jersey to bring it about, and I guess there is," he concluded, grimly.

"I shall investigate Nellie, and may heaven grant that she's my child. In the meantime I am sure you will take good care of her."

"Don't you worry about that. I think a lot of Nellie already, and my folks will do the right thing by her. If you want to adopt her I'll bring her around to the right way of thinking, for it would be the greatest piece of luck that could befall her."

When they went up to Mother Moses she treated them to a piece of bread.

"I'd like to fix you," she hissed at Sid. "I know you now. You're the boy who interfered with me on ——— Street. If I could only get my fingers about your throat I'd fix you."

"I know you would, you old cat. You'd fix me like you fixed Jim Poynders. I saw you shoot him and I'll see that you get what's coming to you," roared Sid.

"Yah!" roared the old woman, flinging a look of hate on him.

They walked away from her in disgust.

"Now, Mr. Hodge," said Sid, "I've got to go on to Hackensack to deliver those bonds intrusted to me by Mr. Carter, to a gentleman named Taylor, on ——— Street. I will take Nellie with me, and we will get our breakfast in town. Hark! I hear the police station first and tell my story, and hark! you better come along so as to back me up. As soon as the police learn that Nellie has been living with Mother Moses and Jim Poynders, they'll insist on taking her, and that won't do. I couldn't save her in that case, but you're a man of wealth and influence, and your word will go a long way with the

Hackensack authorities, while mine wouldn't amount to shucks."

"I'll go with you," said the operator.

"All right," said Sid. "I'll take the key of the entry door and hand it to the police, so they can use it to get in with when they come here. I guess there is no danger of the old hag escaping."

Nellie was told to get her hat, and anything that she wished to take with her.

She brought a bundle downstairs, and then the three started for Hackensack.

They went to the police station first and told their stories, no mention being made of Nellie's connection with the affair, this having been agreed upon between Sid and Mr. Hodge as the easiest way to keep the girl out of trouble.

The authorities took the matter in hand and sent a wagon with three officers to bring Mother Moses and the body of Poynders to the station-house.

Mr. Hodge took Sid and Nellie to a first-class restaurant, where they had an excellent breakfast, after which he started for Jersey City, while Sid, accompanied by the girl, went to Mr. Taylor's house to deliver the package of bonds.

Having executed this errand, Sid and Nellie boarded a car and in due time reached Jersey City, crossed the river and took an elevated train for the boy's home, where he expected to find his folks much wrought up over his failure to return home as usual the afternoon before.

CHAPTER XII.

SID TAKES NELLIE TO HIS HOME.

"Why, Sid!" exclaimed his mother when the Wall Street boy, accompanied by Nellie, walked into the apartment where he lived with his mother, father and a nineteen-year-old sister. "Where have you been? We have been awfully worried about you."

"I'll tell you all about it presently. Let me introduce this young lady. Nellie, this is my mother. Mother, this is Nellie Frost. Where's sis?"

"She's in her room," replied Mrs. Davenport, rather astonished at the shabby appearance of the visitor, though she admitted her beauty, and was rather taken with her artless expression. "I'll call her."

Dora Davenport rushed in as soon as she heard that her brother had returned.

Sid introduced Nellie to her.

"Entertain her, sis. I want to talk to mother," said Sid.

"Who is that girl you have brought here, my son?" asked Mrs. Davenport. "She is dreadfully shabby. Looks like a tenement-house person."

"I have come in here to have a talk with you about her. She is under my protection at present."

"Under your protection!" gasped his mother.

"Yes, and she's to stay here a while with us."

"Stay here with us! That shabby girl! Are you crazy, Sid?"

"No, I'm not crazy, mother. She has no home, and I rescued her from a horrible situation. She is not an ordinary girl by any means, and I shall not be surprised if she proves to be the daughter of one of the rich men of Wall Street."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Mother, Nellie Frost, though Frost is not her real name, is the daughter of parents at present unknown. She was kidnapped from home when barely two years old, and she has been very unfortunate up to the present time. I guess her hard luck is over now, for a rich Wall Street man, who believes he is her father, has offered to adopt her, so I expect her stay here will only be brief. I want you to fit her out in a suitable manner at my expense, so that you need not be ashamed to have her here."

"Fit her out at your expense! Where would you get the money? And I want to know who you are working for now, Sid. When you did not appear last night your father called at Mr. Brown's house to learn if he had sent you out of town. To his astonishment Mr. Brown informed him that you had not been working for him for six weeks. Your father will want an explanation when he sees you. You never told us you had left Mr. Brown and gone to work for somebody else."

"Never mind about that now, mother, we are talking about

Nellie. Listen and I'll tell you her story, as she told it to me," said Sid.

He immediately laid all the facts about the girl before his mother.

Then he told her that Andrew Hodge, a big Wall Street operator, had lost his only daughter through a kidnapper, and that when stolen she was of the same age as Nellie when she was intrusted to the care of the Frosts by Jim Poynders.

"Nellie has taken a fancy to me because I saved her from the surroundings in which I found her. She is grateful, and wants to stay under my care. I intended to provide for her, but Mr. Hodge's offer to adopt her is such a chance for her that I intend to talk her into accepting it. She will get a splendid home, fine clothes, and be well educated. In fact Mr. Hodge proposes to treat her exactly as if he was certain she was his daughter.

"But, Sid, tell me where you were last night, and how you came to meet this girl."

"Certainly, mother, but prepare to be surprised."

He explained how Broker Carter had asked him to deliver a package of bonds to a gentleman in Hackensack the afternoon previous.

Then he went on and told everything that happened to him from the moment he left Jersey City en route for Hackensack.

His experience in the roadhouse took his mother's breath away.

"Well," said his mother, who was really a kind-hearted woman, though her ideas of propriety and caste were strong, "since you insist on that girl staying here I will consent to her remaining until your father passes upon the matter. You had better go right down to his office and explain the case."

"I'll go, mother. Now I'll give you \$100, and I want you to spend as much of it on Nellie as you think proper to make her presentable. I don't think she will stay here more than a day or two, as Mr. Hodge wants me to call at his office to-morrow to arrange about her going to his home. Nellie doesn't want to go, but that is because she doesn't know what is good for her. As I have her interests at heart I'll see that she does go, for, of course, I can't expect you to keep her here very long, and I don't want to send her among strangers. I want you to treat her with the utmost kindness and consideration. She deserves it. She's got a heart of gold, and a soul as unclouded as an angel's, notwithstanding her shabby attire, and her five months' experience with bad people."

They returned to the dining-room where they found Dora Davenport talking with Nellie, who appeared to be very much embarrassed and ill at ease.

The girl looked an appealing look at Sid.

He went directly to her and put his arms around her, much to Dora's astonishment.

Nellie laid her head on his shoulder and Dora gasped and looked at her mother.

"Dora," said Sid, "I want you to understand that this is the best little girl in the world, and I want you to treat her as you would a sister. Don't imagine because she is shabby that she isn't as good as you are, for she is. In fact in a few days she will be in a position to put on more style than we ever have, or ever will. You see how she came to me? Well, she recognizes me as her preserver and the only friend she has in the world. That is just what I am, and I'd go through fire and water for her, as I would for you and mother. She feels nervous and strange here, and I want you to bring her around while I'm down town. Nellie, you love me, don't you?"

"Yes," she replied almost inaudibly, while her cheeks flushed a deep red.

"Dora, then, is my sister, and I want you to love her, too. Come here, Dora, and take my place. Put your arm around this dear little girl and make her feel at home. I leave her in charge of you while I'm away."

Sid got his hat and taking Nellie's face in his hands said:

"I leave you with my sister, dear. Get acquainted with her. I will be back some time this afternoon. Good-by."

Nellie's eyes followed him virtually out of the room, and then she hid her face in her hand.

Dora, inspired by her brother's earnest words, forgot the girl's poor attire, and putting her arms around her, started in to win her confidence.

Sid went directly to his father's office.

"Well, young man, where were you last night?"

"On the edge of the Hackensack marshes, sir."

"How came you to be there? Were you out in all that storm?"

"I was under cover. The cause of my presence in New Jersey was an errand I undertook for Broker Carter."

"How is it you never told us that you left Mr. Brown's employ six weeks ago?"

"I had my reasons."

"I should like to hear them."

"We haven't time to discuss them now if you want to hear the story of my adventures in New Jersey."

"Indeed. Well, I'll listen to you. One moment, are you working for the broker who sent you that errand?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you working for?"

"I'm working for myself."

"Yourself!" cried the surprised Mr. Davenport.

"Yes, sir. Seeing that I've made nearly \$3,000 since I cut loose from Mr. Brown I don't see that you can find fault with my course of action."

"You make \$3,000 in six weeks."

"I did."

Sid started in and told his father all about his experience at the roadhouse.

Then he told him all about Nellie.

"I took her up to the house and left her in the care of mother and Dora. In a few days I expect she will consent to go to the home of Mr. Hodge, a Wall Street millionaire, who believes she is the child stolen from him some fifteen years ago. At any rate he means to adopt her if he can't prove she's his daughter, and that means she'll be an heiress."

After some further conversation with his father, who offered no objection to having Nellie stay at their apartment for a few days, Sid left and hurried down to Broker Carter's office to turn over the receipt Mr. Taylor, of Hackensack, had signed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DYNAMITE BOMB.

Next day Sid and Mr. Hodge had to go to Hackensack to attend the examination of the man who was held for trial.

The operator said he was going out that afternoon to Riverhead to call on Farmer Frost and see what he could learn about the girl.

"Call at my office to-morrow and I may have news for you," he said.

"All right, sir," replied the boy.

"Now I want to make you a little present for what you did for me last night. I believe you saved my life by putting that old woman out of business. In any case you saved me from losing at least \$2,000."

Thus speaking the operator handed Sid a check made out to his order for a thousand dollars.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Hodge, but I'd rather not take it. I only did what I thought to be the right thing, and I don't want to be paid for it," said Sid.

"I'm not paying you. I'm merely giving you a little present."

Mr. Hodge tried to get him to accept it, but he wouldn't, and so the matter rested.

"You are out of a position, I believe," said the gentleman. "I'll look one up for you."

"Thank you, sir, but I'm not looking for a job just now. I'm making more money on my own hook."

"What are you doing?"

"Speculating in the market," said Sid, and Mr. Hodge knew he had made \$4,000 within the year, the greater part of it inside of the last six weeks.

"You have been a very fortunate young man," replied the operator. "The man with limited capital usually come out at the small end of the stick. I advise you to be very careful."

"Of course I try to be, but a fellow has to take chances when he goes into the game. If you'll excuse me to make up your collection, I'll go to the bank and see if I can't find the money to take the train. I'll be back to see you to take the train, but I'd rather not take it."

Mr. Hodge thought a moment.

"Well, if you buy, buy O. & H. right away. It's going at 85, and hold it for about 105, and then sell quick; you'll make some money," he said.

"Thank you, sir. I'll do it."

After leaving the operator Sid called on Broker Carter.

"Here's \$4,000 of my good money, Mr. Carter. I want you to buy me 400 shares of O. & H. at the market, which is about 85. Get it right away, will you?"

"Certainly. Has somebody tipped you off to this stock?"

"If I waited for a tip, Mr. Carter, I wouldn't make many deals," replied Sid, who did not want to put anybody else on the stock under the circumstances.

Carter bought the stock and reported the fact to Sid when he saw him later on.

"Say, Sid, you can have desk room in my office if you want, he said. "I have a small desk in the corner of the counting-room near the door. I have no use for it and you can have it just as well as not. It won't cost you anything. You can have letters addressed to you here, and I'll have your name put on the door in small letters. Then you'll have a sort of headquarters."

"Thank you, Mr. Carter. I'll accept your offer."

That evening after the Davenports had had dinner, and Sid was sitting in the parlor with Nellie and his sister, the bell rang and when Sid went to the door he found Mr. Hodge standing there.

Sid was astonished to see the operator, and judged that he must have obtained important news about Nellie.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Hodge. Walk right in. Allow me to present you to my sister. Dora, this is Mr. Hodge of Wall Street," said Sid.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Davenport," said the rich man.

"And here is Nellie—my Nellie I call her at present. She looks better fixed up a bit, doesn't she?"

The operator seemed to pay little attention to his words. He walked straight to the girl, who had risen when Sid spoke.

His manner was agitated and his eyes glistened eagerly.

"My dear, dear child, will you come to my arms, for I am your father, and you are indeed my stolen darling—taken from my mother and me fifteen years ago on a never-to-be-forgotten New Year's day."

Nellie flushed and became greatly agitated herself.

She looked at the big, finely-dressed gentleman who claimed her.

"Are you—really—my—father?" she murmured.

"Here is the proof. This little locket with your mother's picture, found in the pocket of Poynders at the Hackensack police station, wrapped up in this paper on which is written the words, 'Proof of the identity of Nellie Frost. If found on my person after death the police are instructed to communicate at once with Andrew Hodge, No. — Exchange Place, New York City, and hand him this locket and the paper.'"

"That settles the matter, I guess," said Sid. "You recognize the locket, of course, if it contains your late wife's picture."

"Yes, I bought that locket myself. Nellie is my daughter. Her name is Daisy Hodge. My dear, dear little girl," catching Nellie in his arms, for he could hold out no longer. "My own Daisy. I have recovered you after fifteen long years. Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

At length he partially released her and she looked wistfully at Sid.

"Nellie, or rather Daisy Hodge, I congratulate you on finding your father. I shall lose you now, but you are in better hands. You won't forget Sid, will you?" said the boy.

She uttered a low cry, released herself from her father's arms and rushing to Sid, threw her arms around his neck and buried her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Sid, Sid, I don't want to lose you," she cried.

"Oh, you won't lose me. I can call and see her, can't I, Mr. Hodge?"

"As often as you please, my boy. I feel very grateful to you in this matter, for you have done not a little in bringing me and my child together."

"Now go to your father, Nellie. Hereafter he is your protector, and will provide you with everything you can wish for. Write me a letter, telling me when you are ready for me to call and I will be on hand," said Sid.

Then her father carried her off with him.

Next morning as Sid was walking leisurely down Wall

Street about nine o'clock he received a sudden slap on the shoulder.

Turning around he saw Phil Hooker, Broker Brown's junior clerk.

"Say, Mr. Brown wants to see you," said Hooker.

"Is that so? What about?"

"I couldn't tell you. He gave me a note to take to your house last night, but I couldn't get over there, so I mailed it to you."

"I didn't get it," replied Sid.

"You'll find it when you go home. I know it contains a request for you to call on him, for I saw the typewriter writing it off on her machine. Better call some time this forenoon."

"All right, I will," replied Sid.

At eleven o'clock he went to Brown's office.

Clarence Townsend was not in the reception-room, so Sid knocked on the door of the private room and was told to come in.

"You want to see me, Mr. Brown, I understand," he said.

"I do. Sit down. I want to know if you will come back to me."

"What's the matter with your new boy?"

"I'm going to send him away Saturday. He's slower than molasses, and has cost me a hundred times his wages since he's been here. I'll give you \$10 a week if you will return."

"Sorry to refuse your offer, Mr. Brown, but I'm in business for myself."

"What are you doing?"

"What you fired me for—speculating. I've made \$3,000 since I left here."

Broker Brown stared at his ex-messenger.

At that moment the door was pushed open and a wild-eyed man entered the room.

"I've called for a hundred thousand dollars. I want it quick—quick, d'ye understand," cried the visitor, in sharp, jerky tones.

"Who in thunder are you?" roared Brown, springing up. "Get out of my office."

"Ha! You refuse me! Then you shall die."

"Open that door, Davenport, and help me put this crank out," said the broker.

Sid lost no time in flinging the corridor door open.

Then he heard Brown exclaim:

"Good lord, man, what are you about to do?"

"You have refused me the money, then I shall blow you up, and I will go with you, so you sha'n't escape me."

Thus speaking the lunatic held up a dynamite bomb, the fuse of which he had just lighted with the burning end of a cigar.

Sid dashed forward and tried to wrest the bomb from his hand.

He pushed the boy back and held it out of reach.

Brown stood frozen to the spot with horror.

Seeing that a tragedy would be enacted in another moment, Sid did the only thing he could do to save the broker—he seized his late employer around the waist and rushed him toward the open door.

As Broker Brown shot through the door, propelled by Sid's muscular arms, the bomb exploded with a concussion that shook the building.

The brave boy was sent staggering out into the corridor after the man whose life he had saved.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON MOTHER MOSES.

A moment after the explosion there was excitement to burn, not only in the building but on Wall Street, for the whole window had been blown into the air and fell with a crash on the street, while the report had been heard a block away.

All eyes in the thoroughfare below were turned upon the wrecked window from which issued thin wisps of smoke.

Then came a rush of people along the corridor as Sid scrambled up and helped the frightened Brown on his feet.

Everything in the room but the safe was wrecked, and the cause of it all was scattered about on the floor, on the wall, on the safe, on the wrecked furniture in quivering bits of flesh.

It was a shocking sight, and Brown almost fainted as his eyes took in the appearance of his office.

After the crowd got a peep none wanted to go in. Sid, with good judgment, closed the door, and led Brown around into the reception-room.

Sid explained the situation, for Brown could not.

The cashier took one look into the private-room and he shut the door in a hurry and rushed to the telephone, where he got into communication with the police.

In the meantime several policemen, Wall Street detectives and reporters came into the building, and pushing their way through the mob to Brown's office knocked for admission. They were allowed to come in, and were told the startling facts.

Brown had now recovered himself and he told everybody that Sid Davenport had saved his life by dragging him out of the room in the nick of time after making a futile effort to knock the bomb from the lunatic's hand.

The reporters soon left to write up their stories for a special edition, and the police took charge.

Sid took advantage of the first chance to get away, and he went to Hodge's office to tell that gentleman the news.

Half of the traders in the Exchange had abandoned business on hearing the report and wild rumors that at first were circulated throughout the financial district.

Sid later on met Broker Carter on the street and told him the facts.

Shortly afterward newsboys were crying "Extras," with full particulars of the tragedy, on the streets of the city.

Mr. Davenport bought a paper of a boy and started to read the story.

When he saw his son's name mentioned he nearly had a fit.

He soon saw, however, that his boy was the hero of the accident, and that he had escaped without a scratch.

It was several days before Brown's office was restored to its former appearance, and quite as long before he got fully over the shock his nerves had sustained.

He sent Sid a note of grateful thanks and enclosed a check for \$5,000.

Sid accepted the thanks but sent the check back.

By this time O. & H. was up to 90, and was attracting much attention at the Exchange.

Two days later it jumped to 95, and the lambs of Wall Street began getting excited over it.

The excitement grew as it kept going up, and there was pandemonium in the Exchange when it reached par.

Sid finally sold at 105 3-8, and cleared a profit of \$8,000.

That raised his capital to the comfortable sum of \$12,000.

While the deal was still on Mr. Hodge brought him a note from his daughter.

"It began 'Dear, dear Sid,' and ended 'Yours lovingly, Daisy Hodge.'"

She told Sid that she was just beginning to get used to her new home, her father and her aunt, whom she called "the sweetest woman in the world."

"If I only had you," she went on, "I'd be perfectly happy. I've got awfully nice clothes making for me. One dress is already finished, and aunt says I look very sweet in it. I shan't be satisfied till I hear your opinion. Now, Sid, dear, I want you to come up and see me Friday evening. I've asked father if you may come and he said certainly. Aunt is real anxious to see you. I've told her all you did for me, and how brave you are, and something else which I won't tell you. Now don't disappoint me, for I should feel dreadfully bad if you did not come."

Sid went, you may be sure, for he had a very warm spot in his heart for Daisy, though he could only think of her as Nellie.

When she came into the room to greet him she was a vision of loveliness that almost took his breath away.

He was introduced to Mr. Hodge's sister, and found the love all that Daisy had represented her.

He and Daisy spent a delightful evening together, and when he rose to go she told him he must call on her at least one night a week, which he promised to do.

Some days later Broker Carter told him to buy C. & O. for an advance of ten points, and he bought 1,000 shares on margin as usual.

The stock was then going at 72.

Three days later it reached 80.

"I guess I'll let it go at that," he told Carter. "Eight thousand dollars in the hand is worth ten or twelve thousand in the bank."

"All right," said the broker, "you're the doctor."

He sold Sid's shares at 80 1/2, and an hour afterward the price fell with a rush to 75.

That afternoon he walked right into his father's office. "How much do you suppose I'm worth now, father?" he said to Mr. Davenport.

"Why, been making another one of your hauls?"

"Yes. Just cleaned up \$8,000 to-day."

"The deuce you did. You're going some, young man."

"That's what I'm in business for. My capital now amounts to \$30,000, and a few hundred extra. That isn't so bad for an ex-messenger."

"You are certainly running in luck, Sid. It's only about a couple of weeks ago that you made money out of a tip that Mr. Hodge gave you."

"That's right. Want to sell me an auto?"

"No. Walking is good enough for boys of your age."

Sid didn't do anything in the market for two weeks, and then he bought 1,000 shares of C. & O. one morning at 83, just to get into the swim again.

It was a pretty good stock and it seemed likely to go up a point or two from the general trend of the market.

At two o'clock C. & O. had gone up a point and three-quarters.

He concluded to sell at that as he would make a little over \$1,000, which he regarded as a pretty good day's work.

Accordingly he returned to Carter's office and told the cashier to sell his stock.

"So soon?" said that gentleman.

"Yes, sir. I'm a thousand dollars ahead now. If I hold on I may lose it by to-morrow," he answered.

So his shares were sold and he added about \$1,100 to his capital.

Sid was now accustomed to his new method of making a living, and he did not find time hang heavy on his hands any more.

A month passed away during which he made several quick deals, cashing in at a profit of from fifty cents to \$3 a share.

As he worked on a thousand share basis all these small profits counted up, so that one day he reported to his father that he was worth something over \$30,000.

He found a summons at home that day requiring his presence in Hackensack at the trial of Mother Moses.

The trial would come off three days later, so the next morning he called on Mr. Hodge and showed him the document he had received from the public prosecutor's office.

"I received a similar one," said the operator.

"I supposed you did. I'll call Thursday morning and we'll go over it together."

On the day in question they appeared in court as witnesses against the old woman.

Sid was the only really important witness, as he alone had witnessed the murder.

His testimony was plain and straightforward, and left no doubts in the minds of either the judge or the jurymen, and accordingly the hag was convicted.

On the following week she was sentenced to death.

She was never executed, for one morning she was found dead in her cell.

CHAPTER XV.

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Sid had been so lucky in the market that he believed that things were sure to come his way right along.

He forgot that luck turns sometimes when least expected.

With about \$31,000 of ready money at his disposal he was always on the lookout to raise that sum to \$50,000.

One day he saw in the newspapers the report that a certain independent traction company was about to be acquired by the Northern Traction Trust.

If this report was true the small company's stock was sure to boom as soon as the deal went through.

Sid started out to investigate, but he found he couldn't learn much on the subject that interested him.

He saw, however, that the stock of the independent company, known as the B. & T. Traction, was beginning to rise, and taking that as a good sign he bought 3,000 shares of it, fully expecting to make \$20,000 out of the deal.

Sid, however, thought he knew it all, and would buy the 3,000.

The shares were bought at 40 and a few days afterward they were up to 42.

"You can't make \$2,000 better than by getting out now," said Carter.

"Don't you worry, I'll come out all right. I'm going to make \$20,000 out of this deal," said the confident Sid.

"I hope you do, but I have my doubts about it. You can't tell what is going on behind the advance of B. & T. I don't take any stock in it. I wouldn't be surprised to see it drop at any moment."

Several days elapsed and B. & T. Traction continued to rise slowly and finally reached 45.

Once more Carter suggested that the shares be sold, but Sid wouldn't have it.

"You'll clear \$15,000," said Carter.

"If it goes up two points more sell me out," was Sid's answer.

B. & T. Traction, however, didn't go up two points more.

It hung around 45 for two days and then something happened.

The bottom fell out of it, and down it went to 35 in no time.

In half an hour Sid's profits of \$15,000 in sight melted away, and with it went half his marginal deposit, or \$15,000 more.

It happened that Sid did not come down town till noon that day, and he was paralyzed when he saw what had happened.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" asked Carter.

"You wouldn't take my advice, so you see what you've run up against."

"If I sell now I'll lose \$15,000," said Sid.

"You surely will," replied the broker. "And if you don't sell you are liable to lose the other \$15,000."

"I'll hold on," said Sid.

"You've got a good nerve," replied Carter.

That afternoon B. & T. recovered to 38.

By holding on Sid had saved \$9,000, and if he sold now he would only lose \$6,000.

Next morning B. & T. took a sudden drop to 31, and that put Sid on the ragged edge.

Only half a point stood between him and the end of his tether.

Sid was practically driven to the wall, for he didn't have enough money left to meet a call for the smallest margin.

He wished most sincerely now that he had taken Carter's advice and sold out when he could have made a profit of \$15,000.

He even wished he had sold out the afternoon before and put up with a loss of \$6,000.

There was only one person he could apply to and that was Mr. Hodge.

He could easily see him through and Sid believed he would do it.

So the boy rushed around to his office only to find that the operator had just gone out.

"When will he be back?" he inquired.

"I'll tell you," replied the operator's clerk.

His hand was on the door when it was opened and the girl stood before him.

"Hi! You here! I'm so glad to see you," she cried eagerly.

"And I'm glad to see you," he replied, with a rueful smile.

"What's the matter, dear? Seems to me you don't look happy this morning," said the girl.

"Well, I'm not very happy. I'm in the hardest kind of luck," replied Sid.

"I am so sorry. What is the matter?"

"Caught in the market. I've got every cent of my money, \$20,000, up on a traction stock, and the bottom has fallen out of the price so badly that I am practically cleaned out."

"How much money do you need?"

"I ought to have enough to put up an additional five per cent. margin—that would amount to \$15,000."

"Come into father's private room and I will see if I can find him by telephone," she said. "I know he expected to call on Mr. Dashaway this morning, and he may be there."

The girl got Mr. Dashaway on the wire and found that her father was not at his office.

"The kid. I wanted to see him on very, very important business."

"I am very sorry. Nothing that I could do for you, I suppose?"

"Will you lend me \$15,000 until you see my father?"

"Fifteen thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Dashaway in surprise.

"Yes. I must have it right away to save a friend of mine from being taken that amount, every cent he has in the world, in the stock market."

"Will my check answer?"

"I suppose so."

Daisy hung up the phone.

"I've got the money, Sid," she cried, in an animated tone.

"You dear, good girl!" cried Sid, gathering her in his arms and kissing her several times.

Daisy ran to the door and held it open in expectation of the arrival of Mr. Dashaway's messenger.

At last the corridor door opened and a boy came in.

"Are you from Mr. Dashaway?" exclaimed Daisy.

"Yes," replied the boy. "I've got a note for Miss Hodge."

She almost snatched the envelope out of the lad's hand, tore it open and pulled out the check, which was to her order for \$15,000.

She drifted back into the room.

"Here it is, Sid," she cried, excitedly holding it out to him.

"It's made out to your order. Endorse it right away," he cried.

She ran out to the clerk's desk, for her father's was closed, seized a pen and wrote her name across the back of it.

Sid had followed her out, and the moment she had written the last letter he grabbed the check, hastily blotted it and with the words "I'll be right back," darted out of the office and made for Carter's office at a speed he never surpassed when a messenger himself.

Some minutes later he bounced into Carter's office.

"Mr. Carter in?" he asked the cashier.

"No. Over at the Exchange."

"Well, here's a check for \$15,000 to hold my B. & T. shares which have dropped nearly to the limit."

"I'm afraid you're too late, Davenport," said the cashier.

"Too late," gasped Sid.

"Yes. B. & T. is down to 30 1-8, and Mr. Carter has probably already sold you out under the rules."

"Great Scott! I hope not. I must see him. I'll take the check over to the Exchange and give it to him personally if you won't accept it."

"I'd like to, but I have no authority to do so under the circumstances."

Sid grabbed the check and made a bee line for the Exchange.

When he got there he sent an attache to look for Carter and bring him out.

In a few moments the broker appeared.

"Have you sold me out yet, Mr. Carter?" asked Sid, excitedly.

"No, but I'll have to do it, because your stock is down to 30, and as it looks as if it was going lower I can't afford to hold it. I warned you what the consequence would be if you persisted in holding on to the stock."

"I know you did, and the slump has driven me to the wall, but at the last minute a good friend came to my rescue. Here is a check from a Mr. Dashaway made out to Daisy Hodge's order, and she has endorsed it payable to me. I'll endorse it and turn it over to you as additional margin."

"I'll take it," said Carter. "It will probably see you through."

"I hope it will," replied Sid.

He went to a desk and endorsed the check, making it payable to Broker Carter, and then he returned to his office, where Daisy was awaiting his return.

He told her that the check had saved him, and she was delighted.

B. & T. Traction went down to 27 that day, but before the Exchange closed it recovered to 32.

On the following day it went up to 35, and the day after to 40.

By the end of the week it was going at 47 and Sid sold out, and after all made a profit of \$20,000, which he never would have done but for his opportune meeting with Daisy in her father's office.

Sid never forgot that lesson in Wall Street speculation, and thereafter was more cautious in his dealings, never venturing over half of his capital at one time.

Two years afterward, when he was worth \$100,000, he asked Mr. Hodge for the hand of his daughter Daisy, and was not turned down.

To-day Sid is a wealthy young man, and a successful broker, but he still remembers his stock market experience in B. & T. when he was driven to the wall.

Our next week's story will contain "JOHNNY THE PARCEL BOY; OR, THE LAD WHO SAVED THE FIRM."

LOOK!

Here Is a Chance for Anybody to Make Money
Get a Copy of the New Book Just Issued, Entitled

SCENARIOS

HOW TO WRITE THEM

60 LESSONS

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

60 LESSONS

This handsome publication contains 64 pages of reading matter. It was written by one of the most expert scenario writers in the world. Every known angle of scenario writing is explained. There is no necessity for you to apply to so-called correspondence schools, or to take private tuition in the art of scenario construction, if you have a copy of this book. It teaches everything necessary to write salable scenarios.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE TITLES OF THE SUBJECTS IT COVERS:

How a Scenario Is Written—How to Get Your Scenario Accepted—Prices Paid for Scenario—Faults of Amateur Writers—How a Photoplay Is Staged—Latest Technical Terms—How to Write a Drama—How to Write a Comedy—Writing Around a Star—Working Up Serials—Dangerous Stunts—Camera Trick Work—How to Become a Movie Actor—How to Become a Moving Picture Actress.

If you have an imaginative mind to invent plots, you can learn the entire technique of photoplay construction from this book at the low price of 35 cents.

For Sale by All News-dealers and Booksellers

If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one postage free. Address L. SENARENS, No. 219 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

COAT OF TAR WORTH \$50,000

A verdict of \$50,000 was awarded in the District Court in San Antonio, Tex., to W. E. Kellar, who was tarred and feathered in Luling in May, 1918, sued for \$500,000.

His petition says that before the coat of tar and feathers was applied the defendants put a banner bearing the inscription "Traitor; Others Take Warning," on him, marched him through the streets and afterwards ran him out of the country. He says this followed reports that he had abused the United States, American soldiers and the Red Cross.

A HUGE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD

The telephone quarters in the new Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, occupy 3,165 square feet of floor space, having an operating room 110 feet long by 15 feet wide, a terminal room 30 feet long and 25 feet wide, a rest room 23 feet by 15 feet, and a locker and washroom 30 feet by 14 feet. The operating force consists of one chief operator, one assistant chief operator, eight supervisors, and 110 attendants. The switchboard consists of 23 positions. Thirteen positions are equipped with teleautographs used for paging and announcing only. The switchboard has a capacity of 3,340 extensions

and 260 trunks, and is equipped for 2,500 extensions and 180 trunks. The hotel has telephone service in each of its 2,200 rooms, and there are 40 public booths served by four switchboards connected with the main switchboard. The following gives some idea of a few of the items which make up part of the telephone system: 630 fuses, 1,170 condensers, 2,400 relays, 5,350 lamps, 38,500 jacks, 750,000 soldered connections, 7,926,000 feet of wire.

FEW ILLITERATES

In the north central region including Wisconsin live a larger proportion of adult population able to write than in any equal number of States.

The amount of illiteracy in the twelve north central States is 18 per cent. lower than in any other twelve States; 70 per cent. less than in the thirteen original States, and nearly 80 per cent. lower than in all the rest of the States, according to B. G. Packer, director of Immigration in the Wisconsin Department of Agriculture.

Thousands of immigrants who came into Wisconsin fifty years ago left behind them blighting and unfavorable political conditions. Wisconsin's schools have kept pace with developments and have been the promoters of it.

BARRY, THE BREAKER BOY

—OR—

THE HERO OF THE COAL MINES

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).

"But they won't—now," snapped Hawk, with the conviction of one who has at last got the other side where he wants them. "Mr. Brennan, backed by Mr. Tevis, will enter suit against these parties for heavy damages—so heavy, in fact, that they will let you alone."

"I suppose you are willing that I should do so, Barry," added the lawyer. "Last night's abduction and what it led to will immensely strengthen our case. These poor fools that were so eager to do the work will, some one of them, turn State's evidence, to save their own skins from long sentences. Oh, we will do fine, very fine."

"I suppose you are willing, Barry?"

"I am willing for anything that Mr. Tevis and— and Miss Rose agree to. Meanwhile, I am well again. Don't you think I had better go back to work? I don't like to be idle, and we thought it best that I should learn coal making, taking in school afterwards."

"That's the way for the last Brandon to talk," said Brennan.

"If you really mean it, I see no reason against it whatever. I will wait, however, and see Mr. Tevis. He will be in today, and is already acquainted over the 'phone of the main facts of last night's affair and Rose's rescue."

So it was that Barry, the following day, donning his mining suit, and accompanied by Jerry, also in mining togs, took their way to Flat Top mine. Jerry, though assured of his railroad job, said he would stick with the ex-breaker boy for a day or two, just to "keep the bogie man away, for while the kid was handy in getting out of scrapes, he needs someone like me to keep him from getting into 'em—see?"

Mr. Tevis meantime returned and when he learned everything, and of Barry's desire to begin again in the mine, he assented.

"Don't you grow so absorbed in your underground work, Barry, that you will forget to appear against these rascals in court at the proper time. Otherwise, I see no objection."

At the great mine new men had taken the places of the old. But instead of Barry's being a neglected lad, thumped about and put upon by anyone in authority over him, he now found that he was quite a distinguished personage.

He picked out his own gang to work with, and did a good deal as he pleased in general. Jerry worked with him, and so matters continued for several days, until Conductor Tom Boffin and his brother Fred came to the Black cottage one night, and insisted on Jerry's going back to his job on the road.

"You ain't got no business in a mine," said Tom. "You won't make so much as you do as a braky; and besides, you don't own no mines, like I hear Barry is going to when he gets of age."

"Let up on that, please," entreated Barry, now somewhat tired of his unique distinction among his daily surroundings. "But I don't think that Jerry better go back to the road."

"Sure you'll keep straight, and be safe, kid?"

"I'll try to be, at any rate," laughed the boy, and the next day Jerry went his way, and Barry his, though they saw each other often.

The prisoners were charged in the police court and remanded. Barry, with others, appeared against them, and our hero's short, simple statement was so convincing that all were remanded to await the Grand Jury next Circuit Court.

Neath, who was fetched from the hospital; still seemed to be very feeble. But his black, sinister eyes snapped viciously when Barry made his statement.

"I'll fix you yet, kid," he muttered as the lad passed the dock on his return to his seat, and Barry heard.

"Do you mean me?" he quietly asked in a low voice.

"Yes, I do. D'ye think you kin euchre me out of a thousand or two, lose me my job, and slap me in the pen for years, and go free yerself? Nit—not! Smoke that in your pipe."

Barry eyed him serenely, then walked away. Owing to the nature of his wound, or to a systematic pretense of feebleness, Neath was returned to the hospital instead of going to jail. That very night the fellow escaped, carrying with him the doctor's revolver, and one of the surgeon's long knives.

Unknown of this Barry spent a busy day at his work, and a pleasant evening with Rose at the little theatre of the town, then went back to his old room at the Black cottage.

Jerry was away with his train, though he was expected back some time before morning.

There were now two beds in the room. Barry chose the old one near the window, perhaps because Rose had occupied it the night of the kidnapers' raid.

He was sleeping quietly, an hour or so before day-night, and dreamed that he was at last about to gain full control of his fortune.

Mr. Tevis, Rose, and Mr. Brennan were offering it to him in a great sack, stuffed with banknotes; but something held him down, and would not let him get up and take his money.

He struggled harder and harder, until his throat began to hurt. It hurt more and more and he tried to cry out. All at once the others vanished with the sack. He made up his mind that he would get up anyhow, but a band of iron was around his windpipe.

At last he screamed, or thought he did, and his eyes opened.

The window sash was up. Another masked man leaned through, over the bed, and had the boy by the throat, while he brandished a long surgeon's knife in the other hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

A KICK IN THE NECK; THEN JERRY.

With a scream, Barry Brandon woke up to a dread realization of the situation.

He was choking for breath, and in another instant it looked as if the glittering blade, poised high, would be driven into his heart.

The man leaned far over the bed. This he could do from the outside, for the window was low, and the bed was drawn close to the sill.

"Now I've got you," hissed the other. "You may do me, but I'll do you—see?"

In all this agony of pain and suspense, the boy had one last resource, and he availed himself of the chance, while the fellow was talking.

It was useless to release his throat. The man was too strong. But with one convulsive movement, the lad drew up both legs, with the light cover, swiftly, until his knees struck the man's left arm, slightly dislodging the grip on his throat.

Then he kicked out with all his might, quick as a flash, hoping to strike the fellow with his foot before he recovered.

He did. One foot took the man under his chin, and as Barry drove his leg out with all his force, the man's mask flew off, his head went back, and instead of hitting Barry with the knife, the blow went wild in the air.

The lad felt his throat free, for he had forced the fellow to give back a pace, and he swiftly rolled himself out of bed, on the far side, carrying the cover with him.

He saw Neath's savage features for an instant, then he struck the floor, all tangled up in the bed clothing.

With a snarl like that of some wild beast, the beetle-browed man came again into the window, while Barry was striving to get himself free of the bed clothes.

He might have succeeded in jumping through and finishing his murderous task, but rapid steps sounded on the grass behind.

The next instant Neath was violently jerked backward by a strong hand, that flung the man sprawling to the ground.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed Jerry's strident voice. "Are you chaps at it again? Take that, you mutt, you sneak, you cowardly cur!"

He had pounced on Ben Neath, who was still weakened from his hospital experience, and was no match, physically, for so husky an antagonist as the braky.

With each breath, as he sat on the man's breast, he chugged him good and hard with his fist, until the long knife fell one way, and a half drawn revolver the other.

While this was going on, Barry got loose at last, and came hastily through the window, and together the two soon had Ben Neath tied hard and fast in strips of the bed sheet.

"Well, kid," said Jerry, sitting comfortably on the man's body, while he grinned fiercely as he surveyed Barry's bare legs and general mussed-up appearance, "that was certainly a close call for you."

"It sure was, Jerry. This is another time I am indebted to you for help at a critical minute."

"I don't know. I believe you would have got him anyhow. He was going backwards when I sighted him like he was shot out of a gun."

"But he recovered, and I was tangled up in the bed clothes. I am mighty glad you showed up when you did."

"It was my night home, and I just happened to come in by the alley gate instead of the front one. Don't know why, except that I knew you all were asleep, and I could get into our room this way without waking anybody."

"What will we do with him, Jerry?"

"Turn him over to the chief of police or Hawk. He's too dangerous to monkey with anywhere outside of a jail."

Here Ben Neath groaned, and swore to himself.

"Shut up, you duffer," said Jerry. "I've no patience with you. All the rest, even Nelse Keeler, have given up and are going to take their medicine like little men. But here you are at it again. I've a notion to punch you again."

To emphasize his remarks Jerry half raised himself and sat down heavily, making Neath groan in good earnest.

"Get on your clothes, Barry," said he. "There's no help for it, but for both of us to take this fellow where we know he can't play possum, and get out and do more of his cowardly work."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

MOTOR TRUCKS HAVE GREAT ADVANTAGE OVER AIRSHIPS

Revictualling the starving towns and villages of Northern France by dropping parcels of food and clothing from the skies has a romantic glamour about it that makes people overlook the business details of freight transportation by airship.

Matter of fact persons who pinned their faith to the humble motor truck find their views amply vindicated by a bill of expense incurred by fifteen airships which recently carried 3,000 pounds of supplies 250 miles from Le Bourget to Maubeuge and Calenciennes. It cost just over \$1 for each pound of merchandise carried, whereas by motor truck the cost would not have exceeded \$100 for the whole trip, or 3 cents a pound. It seems the motor truck has a big start on the airship in the matter of cost of haulage.

A TUNNEL AT GIBRALTAR

Now that the construction of the Channel tunnel is assured, military and commercial interests are turning their thoughts to the Straits of Gibraltar and forecasting the advantages which would be secured by building a tunnel between the European and African coasts at that point. An engineering journal in Great Britain states that whereas it now takes three weeks to go from London to the Cape, with the Channel tunnel and one under the Straits of Gibraltar it would be possible, when the Cape-Cairo Railway and other rail connections are completed, to go from London to the Cape in eight days. Unfortunately, the Straits are about 1,200 feet deep and unless the underlying rock is impervious to water, no tunnel can be constructed there, since the limit for the pneumatic process is about 175 feet.

THOUGHT HE WAS POOR

Charles Owl-Walks-in-the-House, a full-blooded Indian, who was recently discharged from the United States Guards, thought he was penniless until recently and had accepted charity from the Red Cross, San Francisco, Cal., and had purchased a pauper's ticket home to South Dakota at reduced rate.

Then he learned there is \$5,000 in the bank waiting for him and that his 1,000 acres of South Dakota farming land is still where it was when he left to join the army, with the exception that 160 acres were disposed of to raise the bank account.

Owl made this discovery through Capt. Charles W. Elliot, Secretary of the Placement Section of the State Committee on Readjustment.

The information about the Indian's riches came from the Superintendent of the Rosebud Indian reservation of South Dakota. A substantial check ac-

companied the letter, and now Owl and Mrs. Owl will go on their way home.

THE DINGO

This is the name given to the wild dog of Australia. He is to that country what the wolf is to eastern Europe or the coyote to the United States. Hunting with a pack or alone, he is a constant menace to Australia's chief industry, the breeding of sheep.

Many are the schemes devised for the dingo's extermination, but his capture or death is a comparatively rare occurrence when set against his constant depredations. There are dog trappers who spend their whole time trying to catch dingos, men who have studied every aspect of their work and who spare no pains and avoid no hardship in a continual warfare with the wile and cunning of this sheep slayer.

Although the dingo is met with from time to time in almost every part of the Australian bush, his principal habitat is the rough range country in the centre and north of New South Wales and the deep dark scrubs of Queensland.

The dog trapper's life is of the loneliest kind. For weeks, perhaps months, he camps in the desolate ranges, setting his traps and watching with ready rifle in the moonlit night for a chance shot at the enemy. In the bush there is a price on the head of every dingo. In some parts a dingo is worth ten pounds sterling or even fifteen pounds to the man who delivers his scalp to the pastoral board or to the squatter.

This is made up by sums contributed by the sheep breeders and allowed by the district councils, so generally recognized an enemy is the wild dog. With such handsome emoluments to encourage him, the professional dog trapper is not easily daunted, and his patience and perseverance are remarkable. Sometimes he may get as many as three or four dogs in a week, but as a rule he is doing very well if he gets three in three months.

For the most part the dingo confines his murderous attacks to sheep and weakening calves, but in the far-out Queensland districts, where large packs travel together, hunger has been known to make them bold enough to attack men in their lonely camps after the manner of wolves.

The dingo never barks, but his weird howl is a familiar sound in the bush at night, and is blood-curdling in the extreme, being especially trying on the nerves of the newcomers in the camps. Owing to the dingo's cunning and swiftness in changing quarters, he holds his own in Central Australia and is likely to do so for many a day to come, even though the prices set upon his head, already a generous one, should be doubled or trebled.

FROM ALL POINTS

DRYDOCK SHORTAGE AT NEW YORK

It is stated that at the present time in the port of New York there are only 15 drydocks that can accommodate ships whose length is 350 feet. That is to say there is accommodation for about 1,500,000 tons of ships. If the Shipping Board's expectations are realized, the United States will possess 16,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping in 1920, and there are, according to an article by Ralph U. Fitting in the *Evening Post*, only about 55 commercial drydocks over 350 feet in length in the entire United States. The English found that one dock capable of taking ships 350 feet in length will handle about 95,000 tons of ships. Unless we take the matter in hand at once, our own fleet will be severely handicapped by lack of docking facilities.

MOURNED AS DEAD FOR THREE YEARS

Five years ago Edward T. Devitt stepped across the threshold of his father's house to enlist in the Canadian Army. Nearly four years ago his father and sister read an official letter that the boy had been killed. That was all—no word came, no word was expected. Devitt stepped back over the threshold the other day.

He appeared as a war-scarred veteran. The home is at No. 306 Forrest Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

He enlisted August, 1914, with the Edmonton Fusiliers and went to France with the first contingent. One day a comrade brought news back to the States that Devitt was dead.

While officially "dead," the soldier was only wounded at Ypres June, 1916, and had a turn at "blighty" in England. He returned to the front in January, 1917, and served until the armistice was signed.

MET AFTER YEARS

J. R. Hughes of Kamiah, Idaho, was standing in the lobby of a hotel in Spokane, Wash., the other day when a man, apparently an Englishman, approached the desk and after registering walked up to Mr. Hughes.

"How are you? I haven't seen you for a long time," said the newcomer, and then followed the lobby off with his luggage.

Mr. Hughes remarked to Clark Johnson. "He doesn't know me. He must have mistaken me for some one else."

The man was registered as Dr. A. W. Evans of Cincinnati, but the name meant nothing to Mr. Hughes. Later the two men met again and Mr. Hughes challenged him.

"You don't know me," he said. "I know I don't," confessed Dr. Evans, "but your face is very familiar."

It developed that both men came from Wales and they began to talk Welsh. They discovered they both came from the same town and then suddenly Mr. Hughes exclaimed: "Wait a minute. I know you. Don't tell me who you are—you are the son of the Congregational minister."

"Yes, and you," rejoined the doctor, "used to live across the street and we went to school together."

The two men had not seen each other for twenty years. They sat talking till 3 A. M. of the old days.

DIAMONDS WORTH \$50,000 IN OVERALLS

Fifty thousand dollars worth of diamonds are used each year in the production of Nash passenger cars and trucks. The diamond, regarded generally as a luxury, is not so classified by the production department of the Nash Motors Company, where it is looked upon as an essential and as such is held responsible for some of the most important machine operations that go into the various parts of the Nash Six.

The jeweller has developed for the diamond settings that inspire admiration, poets have enshrined it with a halo of romance, but the automobile manufacturer, quick to perceive its more practical possibilities, has literally put the diamond "in overalls" and set it to work.

Instead of its more familiar background of gold and platinum the diamond as seen in the Nash factory is "set" in a small socket at the end of a short and unromantic steel bar. Both diamond and "setting" are covered with grease and grime, and in this unsightly but practical garb the "job" assigned to the king of gems is the more or less prosaic though vitally important duty of regrinding the surfaces of emery wheels.

It is the emery wheel that is depended upon for the high degree of accuracy demanded in the Nash factory for bearing surfaces of the crank shaft, the cam shaft and for pistons, transmission sleeves and similar parts that must be smoothed so that the surface will not vary as much as the thousandth part of an inch. In the Nash plant are scores of wheels used for this purpose and each is manned by a highly skilled operator.

After each operation of the emery wheel the diamond is brought into play. Pressed against the spinning wheel the diamond is made to regrind its surface so that subsequent steel parts will produce accurate results.

The diamonds used for this purpose by the Nash Motors Company vary from three-quarters of a carat to eight carats in size.

STEVE WESTON'S GHOST

By D. W. Stevens.

"Five years in the State Penitentiary!"

That was the sentence which sent a thrill through the little Corryton court-room on that dismal December afternoon.

Squire Miller, the prosecutor, and the richest man in Corryton, sent a quick glance at the prisoner, a young man sitting with his curly head bowed into his hands miserably, and then turned uneasily to the fair-faced girl at his side—his daughter.

Everybody in the room looked quickly at the same quiet figure; everybody in the room felt a compassionate sympathy as she threw up her hands with a little moan, and fell heavily to one side.

"Curious case—curious case," said the little judge, watching the young man as he walked away unsteadily upon the sheriff's arm, and addressing a spectator, who, not being a Corrytonian, had witnessed only the denouement. "I'm sorry for Weston, bad as he is, and I'm sorry for poor little Susy Miller.

"She was engaged to him; they'd have been married by this time if it hadn't been for this," the little judge went on, seeing that his hearer was interested. "They fell in love the first minute they saw each other—two years ago, when Steve Weston came here and bought the shoe factory.

"The squire never did like it. He said he didn't want his girl marrying a fellow that nobody knew much about; that might turn out to be a thief or a vagabound, for all they knew."

"And he did prove to be?" said his listener, eagerly.

"He did," the judge responded, solemnly. "It was a month ago it happened. He took a thousand dollars out of the squire's bureau one night, slick as a pin. Oh! no, there ain't a particle of doubt that he was the one. The squire woke up and saw him plain as day, just as he was stepping out through the window. They didn't find the money on him, of course—he was too sharp for that; but there was evidence enough against him without it."

"We're home, Susy," said Squire Miller. He dropped the lines, stepped from the buggy, and lifted his daughter to the ground gently.

"Don't look like that, Susy," he said, taking her hands and looking into her white face imploringly. "Don't, my girl. Remember what you've escaped—a common thief, a——"

"Stop, father," said the girl, quietly, and she pulled her hands away and met his eyes steadily. "He is not a thief! Do you think you can convince me of that—you or all the world—when he has told me that he is innocent? I will not hear it. Surely, father"—she looked up pitifully—"surely I have enough to bear without that."

But he felt, as he drove slowly round to the barn, that he was an unfortunate parent.

That his daughter—his pretty Susy, who might have had the pick of a dozen good fellows—should have given her heart to a scoundrel such as this, that nothing would convince her of his guilt, and that she should be pining away before his eyes for his unworthy sake—was it not a hard burden for him? The loss of the money was nothing, but that they should have been the dupes of a rascal, and that his confiding girl must suffer at his hands! He had hoped so much for her—was this to be the end of it all?

He was thinking it over sadly as he unhitched the horse, in the dim light of the hay-filled barn, led him into the stable, and pulled down a bundle of fodder from the upper loft.

Then it was that his reverie was suddenly, strangely interrupted.

A figure which had been lying unseen upon the hay in a further corner of the barn rose up hastily, shook itself with a muttered sound, and disappeared through a small back door into the stable-yard; and against the cold light of the winter sky the squire, gazing with startled eyes, saw the well-known face and form of Steve Weston!

What was it he had seen? Was not Steve Weston safe in the little Corryton lock-up, in readiness for his transportation to the State prison on the morrow? Could there be such a thing as the ghost of a living person? Had he seen Steve Weston's ghost? The squire was strangely nervous.

Only a month ago the house had been the scene of a jolly turmoil. There had been the secret looking up of bride-cake recipes, and the preparation of wedding-dresses—cheerful talk and friendly congratulations. Susy—Susy, with these sad eyes bright with happiness, and these white cheeks pink with excitement—had been the life and center of it all, with her handsome lover never far away.

But now! The poor mother could hardly believe it to be the same world, where a cruel turn of the wheel had transformed the genial lover into a rascal and villain; the happy bride into a careworn woman, still loving, still blindly believing, but with the fire of her youth gone out; and the squire—the prosperous, complacent squire—into the gloomy man he seemed to-night.

"I will go up-stairs, mother," said Susy, at last, rising wearily. "I—I am tired."

The squire sat in silence while she cleared the table, lighted the lamp and sat down with her knitting; and then he got up restlessly, put on his hat and coat, and went out, with some vague excuse.

He could see a light glimmering from the window of the post-office—the popular rendezvous on long winter evenings; and he walked in that direction.

Something beside the wind and the light sound of the falling snow struck his ear—a footstep, following him softly and coming nearer at every moment.

The squire turned with a strange tremor, and saw—what, by some dreadful instinct, he had known

he should see—Steve Weston's tall form; with his hat down low over his eyes and closely folded arms. The squire turned away quickly, with a gasp of horror.

All was bright and jovial as ever at the post-office.

The sheriff sat by the little wood-stove, which was growing red-hot under its constant replenishing, talking comfortably to the listening group behind him.

The door opened sharply, and the squire, pale and wild-eyed, came in, walked down the room unsteadily, and sat down among them, looking from one to another in a strange, alarming way.

The squire turned to the sheriff.

"Your prisoner?" he said, with agitated abruptness. "He—he has not escaped?"

"He's safe, squire," the sheriff responded reassuringly. "He won't trouble you again. I left him about fifteen minutes ago; and I was just telling the boys how low-spirited——"

But the squire was not listening. He sat staring with wide eyes through one of the windows, at a figure which stood motionless outside, darkly distinct against its snowy-background—a figure with slouched hat and folded arms.

"Do you see it?" he said, hoarsely, and pointed toward the window with a trembling hand. "It's his—his ghost!"

As he spoke the figure moved slowly out of sight; and the little group, turning with startled faces, saw nothing but a broad, white surface, with a straggling fence in the distance.

The squire bent his eyes to the ground, with a shrinking fear of looking behind him, and hurried up the street.

The post-office light glimmered far behind, and his own house rose big and dark before him, when, with his hand on the gate, he turned at last and threw a glance behind him.

The figure had followed closely; it stood motionless only a few feet away.

And as he looked it came forward slowly and stood almost at his elbow.

The squire's hands fell nervelessly at his sides, his heart beat with strange violence, and his head swam.

Then, hardly knowing what he did, he sprang at the apparition, dashed its folded arms apart, and caught at the throat, and felt the warm contact of living flesh and blood.

"Let me go?" were the low spoken words he heard.

Then, as he slowly relaxed his hold—struck by the knowledge that the voice was not Steve Weston's—something in his captive's hand flashed before his eyes; he saw him place a pistol to his own forehead, calmly—and the shot rang out!

Somehow—he never knew quite how—the squire, with both arms round the sinking form, pulled, and dragged, and lifted it through the deepening snow,

marked by a red track as they went, up the walk and into the house, and saw his wife, frightened and speechless, and Susy, pale and startled, come into the room.

The squire turned the lamp higher, with a shaking hand, and looked down at the prostrate figure.

The man, with a painful effort, raised himself on his elbow, looking from one to another feebly.

"I didn't want to be taken, you see," he said, weakly. "I followed you up to make a confession, but I didn't count on being taken—and I shan't be ——" pointing to his wound with ghastly significance.

The squire stood speechless.

A strange suspicion floated through his mind. Was not this man, with his striking resemblance to Steve Weston, the man he had seen stepping swiftly through the window on that unhappy night? Was not this the form he had caught a quick glimpse of—this the face that had turned for a moment upon him?

The man, with his eyes fixed upon the squire's face, and seeming to read his thoughts, nodded feebly.

"You've guessed it—it was me that took your money," he said, quietly. "You've got the wrong man. I'm his brother. The mistake was natural." He looked up, with a wan attempt at a smile.

The squire groaned. But Susy, leaning upon her mother's shoulder, and bending forward with parted lips, uttered a faint cry of joy and triumph.

"I got on Steve's track to see if I could get something out of him," the man went on, monotonously. "He was doing better than I've ever done; I'm the bad one of the family. They think I've been dead for two years, and I've let them think so."

His voice grew weaker. The squire bent lower.

"I saw him leave here that night," he went on, painfully. "I was going to try him then and see what he'd do for me, when it struck me there might be something to be got out of the house. Well, I tried it, and I did it up well, and went away without bothering Steve. But when I heard that they'd taken him—I've never had anything against him, and I couldn't, feel easy till I'd come—till I'd come——"

His low words ceased; his lips parted once or twice inaudibly, and he fell back heavily—dead!

There was a quiet wedding at the squire's big house a month later. But, in consideration of the exceptional circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that Corryton rebelled against the modesty of the affair; that an enthusiastic crowd gathered outside, and that, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the newly-wedded pair was called for vociferously; nor that the appearance of the bridegroom, handsome and genial as ever, with sweet-faced Susy Miller on his arm, and the squire beaming upon them from the doorway, was greeted with delighted and deafening cheers.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1919.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies06 Cents
One Copy Three Months75 Cents
One Copy Six Months	1.50
One Copy One Year	3.00

POSTAGE FREE

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Notes the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to:

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,
166 West 23d St., New York

GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Not many people in the country are familiar with the great army supply base which was built in Brooklyn for accumulating and forwarding supplies to the American Expeditionary Force in France. One of the new reinforced concrete warehouses measures 980 feet by 200 feet; another is 980 feet by 306 feet; and both are eight stories high. There are three, covered, double-decked piers 150 feet wide by 1,300 feet long; and there is an open pier 60 feet wide by 1,300 feet in length. All of this work was emergency construction which was put through in a remarkably short time.

It is not generally known that the Star-Spangled Banner of the United States is older than any one of the present flags of the great European Powers. It was adopted in 1777 by the Congress of the Thirteen Colonies of North America, then at war with the mother country. The yellow and red Spanish flag came out in 1785; the French tricolor was adopted in 1794; the red English emblem, with the union jack in the upper corner, dates from 1801; the Sardinian (now the Italian) flag first fluttered in 1848; the Austro-Hungarian flag was one of the consequences of the compromise of 1867; the present German flag first appeared in 1871, and the Russian tricolor is quite a recent affair. The only modification that the American flag has undergone since its origin is the addition of a new star every time a new State is taken into the Union.

Taking his cue, no doubt, from the urchins who for some time have been retrieving coins and other articles that fall through the gratings over the subways in various parts of the city, a shrewd individual has entered the field in a systematized, practical way and is making a livelihood out of it. He can frequently be seen at work on the grating that covers the subway ventilators in Park place. Instead of working in a haphazard way like the

urchins, this man, who seems to be about forty-five years old, goes at his work systematically and calmly. He was noticed the other day walking along on the grating and did not seem to be peering down, but he evidently has an eye like a hawk. Suddenly he spotted a coin ten feet or more below at the bottom of the ventilator. He stopped and took from under his arm what appeared to be a covered umbrella, or fishing rod. Extracting the rod, which was in several sections, he fitted it together, whistling all the while, then stuck the long bamboo shaft down through the small openings in the ventilator. In a moment he withdrew it and there was a shiny half dollar stuck to some sticky substance at the tip of the rod. The man pulled it away from the rod and stuck it in his pocket. He then took the rod apart, stuck it into the bag and walked nonchalantly on in search of further treasure.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

A friend asked little Hilda how she liked going to school. "I like the going and the coming," she replied, "but I don't like the staying."

"You can reach a man's heart with food, a woman's with flattery," remarked the Wise Guy. "In other words, stuff them and they are yours," added the Simple Mug.

Mistress—Norah, my husband is raving over those lamb chops you sent up. He says they are raw, and he is acting like a wild man. Norah—Then shure, mum, if he's acting like a wild man, raw mate is just the food for him.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between a close friend and a dear friend? Pa—A close friend, my son, is one who will not lend you any money, while a dear friend is one who borrows all you will stand for.

First Amateur Fisherman—Now you are living in the suburbs, I suppose you go fishing often. Are you catching much of anything these days? Second Ditto—Oh, yes. Colds and trains.

Office Boy—Please, sir, a gentleman called when you was out. Editor—What did he want? Office Boy—'E said 'e had come to give you a good thrashing. Editor—Did he? What did you tell him. Office Boy—I said I was sorry you wasn't in.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she said, turning her dreamy eyes to him. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks, and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth, and sky, and air; they are my daily life and food, and——"

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

A WONDERFUL LOG HOUSE

The largest log houses ever constructed, has recently reached completion at Portland, Ore.

This is in more senses than one a monumental edifice, since it is put up to commemorate the timber and lumber industry of Oregon, with special reference to its part in the great war. It is therefore most fitting that it should take the form of a huge structure of logs. Huge in every truth it is: 206 feet long, 102 feet wide, 72 feet high. There are 64 pillars, each 54 feet in height. More than a million board feet of lumber were used in the undertaking.

The building is constructed altogether of the huge fir logs that constituted the chief raw material for the emergency wooden fleet.

RAISING RATTLESNAKES.

The queerest farm in the Ozarks is that of Miss Rose Ahern and her brother Henry. Several miles up Indian Creek, in the heart of the rockiest and roughest part of the hills and bluffs, this brother and sister operate what they call their "diamond rattlesnake farm." And, being in a neighborhood where snakes are plentiful, they are doing a thriving business.

For three years the Aherns have been following this business, and they will probably have 300 or 400 snakes this season. They expect to do far better than ever before, now that the war has ended. The principal profits come from the extracting of poison from the rattlesnakes, which is sold at high prices to doctors, chemists and others. Physicians use this poison, after it has been prepared in a scientific manner, for the treatment of epilepsy and other diseases. It is known as crotalin.

They also get a good revenue from the sale of live reptiles to museums and travelling shows. The established rat is 2 cents a pound. A large, fat serpent usually brings several dollars. The smaller, poorer specimens are killed and rendered into oil, which has a steady sale at \$1 an ounce.

DIED IN POVERTY

Mrs. Luis Terrazas, 85 years of age, wife of General Terrazas, former Governor of Chihuahua, who died recently, has lived in exile in El Paso since she and her family were driven from their Chihuahua home when the city was occupied by Villa in 1913.

The Terrazas family was reputed to be the wealthiest in Mexico before their property was confiscated by the revolutionists. Their estate before the outbreak of the Madroño revolution in 1911 was estimated at from 5,000,000 to 15,000,000 acres and

to have covered a large part of the State of Chihuahua. Their cattle are said to have numbered more than 1,000,000 and the property was valued at about \$200,000,000.

When Villa confiscated the estate and the family only had a small fortune left and went to El Paso, Gen. Luis Terrazas jr., son, was captured by Villa and held for ransom. He was tortured and hanged until he indicated that he would tell the bandit leader where \$800,000 in gold pesos was hidden. This was in a column of the Bank of Chihuahua City.

The son was released and returned to his people at El Paso. Later he went to Los Angeles where he died as a result of the tortures of the Villa bandits. In the meantime the fortune had dwindled so that the family had to live in a small rented house.

A BRIDGE WITHOUT METAL

The natives of Java have a bridge-building technique which utilizes to the limit their slight resources for work of this character. Of raw materials they are acquainted with but two, and one of these is really a product of their own ingenuity. They have no nails, no iron, no true wood; they are forced to rely entirely upon bamboo for the structural parts, and upon a rope of their own manufacture to effect the junctures. In spite of these limitations, they achieve highly creditable results.

A bridge over a river in the central part of the island is almost 150 feet long, and the width of the roadway some four feet. The four bamboo columns at either side of the stream are built up of a double length of from 50 to 60 bamboos, tied up with rope and firmly pressed together by forcing a quantity of wedges between rope and bamboos. Such columns are found to be of remarkable strength and elasticity; they are, in fact, used throughout the Dutch Indies as derricks for lifting roofpans when building sugar factories, etc.

The original element which the Javan natives have brought to the construction of these bridges, as remarked, is the rope. This is made of a fiber taken from the native aren-palm which grows all over the island. It makes a rope that resists effectively the heavy decaying action of the hot and damp tropical climate with its legions of fungi; in fact, it lasts for many years without any indications of rotting. So between this rope and the bamboo, the natives are able to achieve a semi-permanent structure for which it would be hard to find a peer on the ground of cheapness and durability. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole thing is the degree to which has been approximated the best type of bridge arch. How does an ignorant savage know that a bridge ought not be built perfectly flat?

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

LOAFERS WORKED.

Brass rail habitués who spend the night in the City Hall at Senburg, Pa., after the saloons separate them from their money and turn them into the street, met with a surprise when they awoke the other morning. Neatly piled in a huge row were hundreds of pieces of cordwood. Burgess Clement announced that all persons who seek rest in the borough bastille must pay for the privilege. Two found the job not to their liking. They gave their names as Gen. Pershing and Happy Hooligan, and sawed wood for a full hour before they were allowed to leave. They vowed they will never more come back to this town.

MARRIED BY TELEPHONE.

A 2,500-mile strand of No. 8 copper wire was used by Robert Thorne of Denver to tie the nuptial knot that bound himself in wedlock the other day with Miss Rose Thomas, a school teacher of Ashland, Ore.

The wedding was solemnized over a long-distance telephone between Denver and Ashland, when the bride, accompanied by her brother, A. W. Thomas, and

his wife, as witnesses, went to the local telephone exchange.

The bridegroom at Denver put the call through, and the Rev. James Thomas, a Denver clergyman, read the necessary service, which was heard distinctly by all present in Ashland.

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

John Lamun, of Springfield, Ill., aged 96, is an eccentric. Here's what he will and will not do: Has never voted, and says he never will. Will eat nothing that ever breathed life. Keeps his clock three hours ahead of standard time. Will make no statement under oath. He insists the correct way to spell his name is "Lamun," instead of "Lemon," as relatives claim is proper.

Because of his eccentricities, relatives attempted to have a conservator appointed for him. But County Probate Judge Jenkins ruled it unnecessary.

A son of Lamun's said his father has been doing things according to customs of 1868, when a great change in his life began. In that year, the son said, a group of religious fanatics converted his father.

OLD COINS WANTED

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for Hundreds of Coins dated before 1855. Keep ALL old Money. You may have Coins worth a Large Premium. Send 10c. for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. Get Posted at Once.

CLARKE COIN CO., Box 34, Le Roy, N. Y.

RUBBER VACUUM SUCKERS.

The latest novelty out! Dishes and plates will stick to the table, cups to the saucers like glue. Put one under a glass and then try to lift it. You can't. Lots of fun. Always put it on a smooth surface and wet the rubber. Many other tricks can be accomplished with this novelty.

Price, 12 cts. each by mail, postpaid. FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.

GOOD LUCK GUN FOB.

The real western article carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.



SHERIFF BADGE.



With this badge attached to your coat or vest you can show the boys that you are a sheriff, and if they don't behave themselves you might lock them up. It is a beautiful nickel-plated badge, 2 1/4 by 2 3/8 inches in size, with the words "SHERIFF 23. By Heck"

in nickel letters on the face of it, with a pin on the back for attaching it to your clothing. Send for one and have some fun with the boys.

Price 15 cents, or 3 for 40 cents; sent by mail, postpaid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., Bklyn, N. Y.

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE SIX CENTS PER COPY

THE BEST FILM MAGAZINE ON EARTH

32 Pages of Reading. Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Performers. Out Every Friday.

Each number contains Five Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios and While Picture-making—Reasons in Scenario Writing.

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET!

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line.

Buy a copy Now from your newsdealer, or send us 6 cents in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you any number you desire.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 166 W. 23d St., New York City

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY. 10 CENTS A COPY

Handsome Colored Covers—48 Pages of Reading—Great Authors—Famous Artists—Fine Presswork

It contains exciting and mysterious detective stories, sketches, novelettes, serials and a large amount of other interesting matter. Order a copy from this list.

—LATEST ISSUES—

- | | |
|--|---|
| No. 25 THE TRAIL OF ROSES, by Edmund Condon. | No. 32 THE COUNTERFEIT HEIRESS, by Inspector J. Harrigan. |
| 26 THE HINDOO VANISHING CLUE, by Pauline Carrington Bouve. | 33 TRACKED TO CHINA, by Chief Roger O'Brien. |
| 27 WHO WAS GUILTY? by Beulah Poynter. | 34 AFTER THE GERMAN SPIES, by May Halsey Miller. |
| 28 THE EVIL EYE, by Charles Fulton Oursler. | 35 THE CLUE IN THE BOX, by Alexander Douglas. |
| 29 THE THIRTEENTH DOOR, by Edith Sessions Tupper. | 36 TRAILED BY A FRENCH DETECTIVE, by R. Renaud. |
| 30 THE GAME OF DETECTIVE CAREW, by Leonard Jerome. | 37 A DROP OF INK, by Lieut. Robert W. Warden. |
| 31 LAW-MAKER AND LAW-BREAKER, by Beulah Poynter. | 38 THE TEN DOCTORS, by Allan Arnold Fox. |

The Famous Detective Story Out To-day in No. 39 is "THE STAIN ON PAGE 61," by Charles T. Jordan

FRANK TOLSEY, Publisher, 168 W. 23d St., New York City.

WIZARD REPEATING LIQUID PISTOL



PATENTED
Durable, Reliable
and Perfectly Safe
to carry without
danger of leakage.
VALUABLE FOR BICYCLISTS,
AUTOMOBILISTS, UNES-
CORTEDLADIES, CASHIERS,
HOMES, ETC.

Fires and recharges by pulling the
trigger.—Reloading Unlimited.

5 INCHES LONG

Substantially
made

NOT A LEAD
PRODUCT

NOT A TOY

WILL STOP THE MOST VICIOUS DOG (OR
MAN) WITHOUT PERMANENT INJURY.

BOYS Have great fun with the WIZARD PISTOL. For sniping
dogs, cats, hooligans, slackers, lazybones—and for having a
lot of fun with JOKES. The Wizard Pistol is harmless, although it
certainly does puzzle and worry the one that is hit. We have seen
one boy frighten away a whole crowd of rough-necks by using one of
these Wizard Pistols. Price, postpaid, 60 cents; two for \$1.00. Sent
anywhere. Enclose stamps or cash.

ALBRO SOCIETY, Inc., AF-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

GET THIN

REDUCE WEIGHT EASILY

No more worry about your over-stoutness. Take Oil of
Korein, follow the simple, health-improving Korein system
and it is positively guaranteed you will lose 10 to 60 pounds
or even more—whatever amount of superfluous fat you need
to be rid of—or this self treatment will cost you nothing. We
offer \$100.00 Cash Guarantee! It is in every box.

Measure and weigh yourself now; watch the delightful
steady reduction. Become healthier, younger in appearance,
more active and attractive; gain real beauty.

This method is also guaranteed to be perfectly harmless. Oil
of Korein is not a laxative; contains no thyroid—but is a vege-
talized oil containing genuine *fucus vesiculosus*, an ingredient
obtained from certain seaweeds. Those who follow Korein system
are astonished at the reduction—after all
else fails. Recommended by physicians.

Oil of Korein

A prominent Philadelphian, George Reynolds, Walton Ave-
nue, lost 20 lbs. the first month and continued using Oil of
Korein, massaging himself daily, until he reduced 64 lbs.
Mrs. J. B. Hansen, Plattsville, reduced 20 lbs. in less than 2
months. Mrs. L. C. Patrick, Niland, wanted to reduce 8 lbs.
and did so in two weeks. Miss Ray lost 69 lbs. An Albany
business man, F. G. Drew, lost 56 lbs. in 3 months. Many
say "fat seems to melt away," or "measurements decrease
like magic," etc. Legions of voluntary testimonials.

Don't carry the tedious burden of unhealthy fat. Become
slender and attractive by this superior easy method. Amaze
yourself and friends. Increase your efficiency!

Oil of Korein comes in capsules, easy to take. Buy a small
box at any busy pharmacy; or the druggist will get it for you.
Or, write us and we will mail you a box in plain wrapper,
which you may pay for when it comes to you.
Begin reducing now! Become thin and stay so!

New Book "Reduce Weight Happily" gives helpful informa-
tion. Will be mailed free on request. Cut this advertisement
out and keep it. Show fat friends. Do not lose this chance of
a lifetime to improve yourself marvelously. Address:

KOREIN CO., NL-103, Sta. F., New York

**BOOK
FREE**

Rider Agents Wanted



Boys and young men everywhere
are making good money taking
orders for "Ranger" bicycles and
bicycle tires and sundries.
You are privileged to select the
particular style of Ranger bicycle you
prefer: Motorbike model, "Arch-
Frame," "Superba," "Scout,"
"Special," "Racer," etc. While you
ride and enjoy it in your spare time
hours—afternoons, after school,
evenings and holidays—your admir-
ing friends can be easily induced
to place their orders through you.
Every Ranger sold takes with it our
5-year guarantee and the famous
30-Day Trial agreement.
Factory-to-Rider. Every purchaser
of a Ranger bicycle (on our factory-
direct-to-the-rider sales plan) gets
a high-grade fully guaranteed model
direct from the factory at wholesale
prices, and is privileged to ride it for
30 days before final acceptance. If
not satisfied it may be returned at
our expense and no charge is made
for the use of machine during trial.
Delivered to You Free. We pre-
pay the delivery charges on every Ranger
from our factory in Chicago to your
town. If you want to be a Rider Agent
or if you want a good bicycle at a low
price, write us today for the big free
Ranger Catalog, wholesale prices, terms
and full particulars.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. L-188 CHICAGO, U. S. A.



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im-
ported diamonds—the greatest discovery the world
has ever known. We will send absolutely
free this 14k gold ring, set with a 1.25
Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box
postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.25 C.O.D.
charges to cover postage, boxing, advertis-
ing, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a
real diamond return and money refunded.
Only 19,000 given away. Send no money.
Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 815
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO

ONLY 35c

Agents Wanted



Cut Your Own Hair

WITH THIS SAFETY HAIR CUTTER

If you can COMB your hair you can cut your
own hair with this marvelous invention. Cuts
the hair any desired length, short or long.
Does the job as nicely as any barber in quarter
the time, before your own mirror. You can cut the
hair of children's hair at home in a jiffy. Can be used as an
ordinary razor to shave the face or finish around temple or neck.
Sharpened like any razor. Lasts a lifetime. Saves its cost first
time used. PRICE ONLY 35c, postpaid. Extra blades 5c each.
JOHNSON SMITH & CO. 215 N. Halsted St., Chicago

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

"X-RAY" CURIO

PRICE 12c. SILVER ONLY. BIG FUN

BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood,
Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh.

A magic trick novelty Fun with each X Ray.
MARVEL MFG. CO. Dept. 13, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

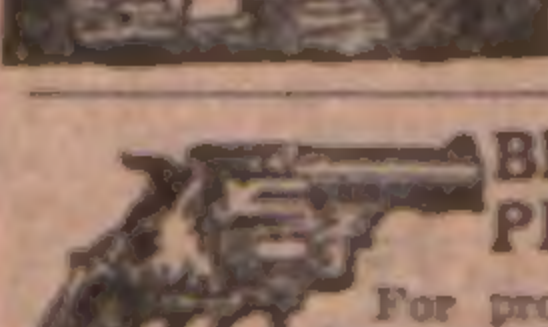
The Boys' Magazine—FREE

Send for a free sample copy. Splendid stories; beau-
tiful illustrations; handsome covers in colors. The
Scott F. Redfield Co., 2747 Main St., Smithport, Pa.



GREENBACKS

Pack of \$1,000 Stage Bills, 100c;
3 packs, 25c. Send for a pack
and show the boys what a WAD
you carry. C. A. NICHOLS, Jr.,
Box 90, Lincoln Park, N. Y.



BLANK CARTRIDGE 50c

PISTOL By Mail Prepaid Only 50c

For protection and sport, every man and
boy should have one. Order at once. Get
an American flag FREE. Money refunded
if desired.

B. G. Lewis Co., 1400 Broadway, New York City



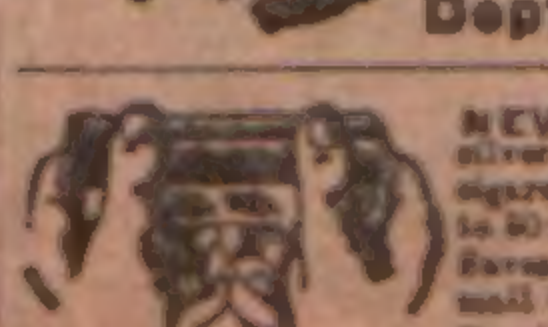
Oh Boys, Girls!

Great Sport with CLAXOPHONE

Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the
table, back of a door, into a
trunk, desk in School, any old
place. Big FUN fooling Pea-
dars, Policemen, Friends,
anybody. This Claxophone is
a small device that lays on your
tongue unseen, always ready
for use by anyone. Claxophone with
full instructions, also Set of Secret
Writing Tricks, all sent for 10c
one time. Write at once to

CLAXO TRICK CO.,
Dept. 5 New Haven, Conn.



NEW GEM CIGARETTE ROLLER. Hides
silver case in every tin. Makes perfect
cigarette at once. A 5-cent package makes 10
to 20 regular size cigarettes; less than 1 cent per dozen.
Saves time, money and health. Price 20 cents by
mail (stamp taken).
Boston Novelty Co., Dept. 8, Boston, Mass.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AIDS TO EFFICIENCY

ELECTRICITY made simple. 233 pages, 103 illustrations. \$1 each prepaid, or send for circulars. Satisfaction guaranteed. M. E. Kraybill, Jr., Boiling Springs, Pa.

GO ON THE STAGE or Moving Pictures! Experience unnecessary. Write Manager, Desk 2, Box 397, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS

FIBER BROOMS outwear 5 corn brooms; guaranteed one year. Agents wanted; women, men. Working sample, \$1.25, postpaid. Keystone Fiber Broom Company, 620 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS. Big returns, fast office sellers; particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, 11 Daily Record, Baltimore, Md.

ART AND DEN PICTURES

REAL PHOTOGRAPHS, sure to please. Send 25 cts., Hamilton Company, Barnes City, Iowa.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Beautiful, genuine photos of bathing girls. Doz. \$1.50. Park Robuck, Dept. K, Keota, Iowa.

CLASSY PICTURES, bathing girls, art poses, sample 12c.; sixteen varieties \$1, refunded if dissatisfied. Roseleaf Club, Desk 10, St. Louis, Mo.

ORIENTAL DANCER; she does real Salome wiggle, sealed 25 cts. Hamilton Mfg., Barnes City, Iowa.

CALIFORNIA BATHING GIRLS. Three cabinet photos, 25 cts. Rembrandt Studio, 312 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

LIVE BOOKS for sale. List free. P. Mehm, 535 St. Ann's Ave., New York.

NOTICE! Subscribe for the Golden Rule, monthly, good stories, funny jokes, etc. Only 25 cts. per year. W. H. Dutton, 1503 W. Second St., Little Rock, Ark.

A DOLLAR BOOK REDUCED to 25 cts. The Hidden Key that unlocks the future. Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller and the witches' key to lucky dreams. She makes everyone their own Fortune Teller. Send 25 cts. to-day. Popular Book Co., Tilton, N. H.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TURN YOUR SPARE time into dollars. We start you free. Sell the best laundry tablet. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells for 15 cts. a package. Send for free sample and agents' offer. L. A. Knight Co., 144 Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THOUSAND different ways of making good money. Book of particulars free. Klick Sales Co., Box 534, San Antonio, Tex.

COINS AND STAMPS

STAMPS: 105 mixed, incl. China, etc., 2 cts.; Album (500 pictures), 3 cts. Bullard, No. 20, Sta. A, Boston.

WE PAY good for used stamps. Send 3 cts. for list showing prices paid. Roessler, East Orange, N. J.

16 U. S. REVENUES. Cat. \$1.12 only 37 cts., 2 Argentine 1903 40. 60. Cat. 25 cts. for 14 cts. Postage extra. 5 Cuba 1899. Cat. 17 cts. to applicants for approvals. W. J. Patton, 71 Notre Dame Ave., East, Winnipeg, Canada.

NEW DOUBLE ACTION BABY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER. Smallest, Neatest Practical Revolver made. Designed Chiefly for Ladies and Automobiles. Accidental discharge impossible, and safest, quietest firing. When you need a pistol you need it fast and quick, as every second counts. Every lady and automobile should have one; there is no better or safer made. Ideal home pistol. 22 caliber, 5 chambers. Best steel, nickel plated. Never one tested at factory. Price by insured mail \$4.38. Big Catalog Free.

BATES GUN CO., DEPT. 7, MELROSE, MASS.

LOVERS GUIDE, or An Easy Road to Marriage. Tells "How to Court a Beautiful Girl," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to make him Propose Marriage," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Wedding Etiquette," etc. All subjects helpful to lovers. 10C POSTPAID.

YANKEE PUB. CO., TILTON, N. H.

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it. We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely Free, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from \$35 to \$50 EXTRA and besides that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute. Write for this Big Offer at Once. Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely Free, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. Write Now. Everything sent Free and postage prepaid. **THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO. Dept. 374 CHICAGO**

CORRESPONDENCE TUITION

SALESMEN EARN BIG MONEY working either for themselves or others. Our great 20-lesson, 20-booklet course, only \$2, teaches thoroughly, practically makes you independent. "How to Conduct Local Sales Agency," free. Write to-day. "Health-Wealth" Schools, Lawrence, Mass.

DETECTIVES and INVESTIGATORS make large incomes. Excellent opportunities to travel. Be your own boss. Short hours. We instruct you at a nominal cost. Particulars free. Write American School of Criminology, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE HEALTH

DO YOU KNOW someone who has the drink habit? Would you like to see him freed of it so that he will be a noble, upright, healthy, good-hearted, prosperous, steady man? If so write for confidential information to Edw. J. Woods, DF-601, Station F, New York.

KOROLAX. Regulates the bowels; overcomes constipation, helps you get rid of superfluous fat. Aids in improving your health, figure and complexion. Box, postpaid, for 9 three-ct. stamps. Korolax Co., ND-601, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, and **MEN,** too, to address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make \$10 to \$35 wkly. No capital or experience required. Book explains everything; send 10 cts. to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Box 77, Tilton, N. H.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN MONEY in your spare time? We have a wonderful offer to make ambitious men and women. No previous experience necessary. No money required. Write to-day for plans. American Products Co., 1300 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUSICAL

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write music, guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 So. Michigan Ave., Suite 249, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE A SONG—Love, Mother, Home, Childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Meritt, 293 Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1650, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

PERSONAL

MARRY RICH, hundreds anxious, description list free, satisfaction guaranteed. Select Club, Dept. A, Emporia, Kansas.

HARRY. Many successful through our efforts. Particulars free. Personal Club, 217 Parkway Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

GET MARRIED. Best matrimonial magazine published. Mailed free. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pa.

MARRY FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE; absolutely the best, largest in the country; established 14 years, thousands wealthy members, both sexes, wishing early marriage, confidential descriptions free. The Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, 732 Madison Oakland, Cal.

PERSONAL—Continued

LONELY MAIDEN, 26, would marry. Write for picture. Box 150K, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRY; MANY RICH. Particulars for stamp. Mrs. Morrison, 3053 W. Holden St., Seattle, Wash.

SCIENTIFIC

YOUR HOROSCOPE covering one full year for 35 cts. This includes an extensive reading, valuable daily guide, large pictorial chart and special forecasts for each month. Scientific complete. Try it! Money back if dissatisfied. Give birthdate. Address: H. Daniels, Flatbush Station, Box 52, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ASTROLOGICAL READING given with key to health, 10 cts., birthdate. Worth \$1. Joseph Devere, 123 AA Madison St., Chicago.

YOUR LIFE STORY in the stars. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 840 East 55th, Chicago. U. S. A., Apartment 73.

WANTED TO BUY

BEAR OIL wanted, genuine only; good price. State quantity you have and where obtained. J. H. Brittain, 160 East 32d St., PD-2, New York.

WE BUY DISCARDED Gold Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Platinum and Silver. We also pay up to \$35 per set for discarded false teeth (broken or not). Prompt remittances. Packages held 5 to 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. Send NOW. U. S. Smelting Works, Dept. 110, Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

RAISE BELGIAN HARES for us, also New Zealand Red Rabbits. We furnish registered and utility stock at reasonable rates and buy all you raise at good prices. Send 10 cts. to-day for Breeders Guide, prices list, etc. E. Brown Pet Stock Company, Emporia, Kan.

KODAKERS: How would you like to get a 9x11 enlargement of your best negative free? Drop us a card right now asking about it. Films developed at 10 cts. per roll, prints 3 cts., 4 and 5 cts. each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ford's Photo Studio, Ellensburg, Wash.

MAGIC. Be a LION at home. Entertaining with magic, tricks and puzzles. Big catalogue R. K. 25 cts. Martinka & Co., Inc., Harry Houdini, Pres., 493 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

BOYS: 20 latest Hot Air Cards with big bunch of magazines, printed matter sent you for 13 cts., coin or stamps. Empire Supply Company, 24 Norris Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

WONDERFUL VALUE—Dazzling token diamond, mounted in ladies' beautiful gold-filled ring, 59 cts., prepaid. R. Harrison, 165 Walker St., Evansville, Ind.

ALPHABREVO Shorthand Writing. System for taking notes. Complete lesson sheet, 50 cts. Nature Book. Proper reading for those married or engaged. 35 cts. Central Co., 599 Ninth Ave., N. Y.

ARROW HEADS. 10,000 arrow spear heads and mound relics. Free price list. 100,000 minerals, fossils, shells, closing, 40% disc. delivered. 22 pp. catalog for 5 cts. Dealer 34 yrs. L. W. Stillwell, Deadwood, S. D.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER. 5 pretty cards and big catalog. 10 cts. Durso, Dept. 39, 25 Mulberry, N. Y.

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., P.O. Baltimore, Md.

GENUINE INDIAN BASKETS—Wholesale and retail. Catalogue. Gilham, Highland Springs, Cal.

I PAY CASH, 10 cts. each, for names. Send 35 cts. for blanks. L. Silverthorn, Yale, Mich.

MAIL us 15 cts. with any size film for development and 6 velvet prints. Or send us 6 negatives any size and 15 cts. for 6 prints. 8x10 mounted enlargement 35 cts. Prompt, perfect service. Beanoke Photo Finishing Co., 223 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Cigarette Habit

How to Overcome It Quickly and Easily

Unless you have been exceptionally careful the cigarette habit has a hold which you cannot shake off by will power.

The lure of the cigarette is powerful. Is it the nicotine that is poisoning your system, making you nervous, heart weak, dyspeptic, eye strained and irritable?

Are you troubled with sleeplessness at night and dullness in the morning until you have doped yourself with the nicotine of cigarettes or pipe, or chewing tobacco? They're all the same, you know.

Give your poison-saturated body, from your pale yellowish skin right into your pale yellowish liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

Get rid of the vicious habit. Lengthen your life. Become contented and spread happiness among others. Enjoy tranquillity combined with forceful thought and real efficiency.

I know what will conquer the tobacco habit in three days. You gain the victory completely and privately at home.

My new book will be very interesting to you. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, free, postpaid. You will be surprised and delighted if you write to Edward J. Woods, WT-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

Get rid of the vicious habit. Lengthen your life. Become contented and spread happiness among others. Enjoy tranquillity combined with forceful thought and real efficiency. I know what will conquer the tobacco habit in three days. You gain the victory completely and privately at home.

MEN & Heres a pleasing way WOMEN! to make money

We need agents and have a big money making proposition for you. You can do it as hundreds of plucky men and women are doing by creating your own trade, selling Ho-Eo-Co Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Spices and Household Specialties. Splendid profits, increasing monthly. No experience required. Write us now for samples and full particulars.

HO-EO-CO MFG. CO.
171 ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENUINE—Everbright Silver—Friendship Bracelet—Given

To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription, and this bracelet, to fit your arm, an initial engraved, will be sent FREE, postpaid. McPhillips, Sec'y, 615 W. 43d St., East, 22-P New York.

\$100 PANTS MADE TO MEASURE

Not \$1.00, not even 50c, not one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charges for fancy styles, belt loops, golf bottoms, pearl buttons, all FREE. Before you buy a suit or pants, before you take another order, get our free samples and wonderful new offer. All other Agents write too. Ask for the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing, write today. Address **KNICKERBOCKER TAILORING CO.** Dept. 362 Chicago, Ill.

VICTORY TOY CANNON

Shoots like a real one. Absolutely harmless. Send 15 cents in coins, and get the VICTORY CANNON, complete with ammunition for over 100 shots. Postage 3 cents extra. This includes membership in Club showing you how you can make easy money in your spare time. **KREW SUPPLY COMPANY** Dept. A, 1335 N. Clark St. CHICAGO, ILL.

DEALERS WRITE FOR PRICES. BIG PROFITS.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH



Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asserted would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko; and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.



From recent photo.

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair



For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often when hair falls out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. Kotalko contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko, I will send the recipe FREE on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, if you mention this publication. Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—watch in your mirror! Address:

RECIPE
FREE

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, BN-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does. I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot coax Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's

why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, **and cures them quickly.**

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much in **One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized \$1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent to you free, with everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents for charges.** Address us as follows:

KUHN REMEDY CO., Dept. D, 1855 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO.

ELITE RING FOR LADIES FREE

Heavy gold filled. Warranted 5 years. To make friends and to introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 15 cts. for a 3 months' subscription, and this Ring, your prize, will be sent **FREE**, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. P, New York



Pink Cameo Ring FREE

Cameos are set in fine gold filled ring. Guaranteed for three years. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 15 cts. for a 3 months' subscription, and this Ring, your prize, will be sent **FREE**, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. P, New York



BATES GUN CO., Dept. 5

HUNTING KNIFE AND SHEATH. Best forged steel, tempered, ground and polished. Howie point, 4-inch blade; strong metal handle to meet the rugged use of woods or camp. Sheath made of strong leather, with slotted tang to carry on belt. Let's Scouts, this is the biggest bargain you ever saw. Price 35 cents post paid. Catalog Free. MELROSE, MASS.



FREE AEROPLANE

Boys, we have a real Aeroplane for you. Modeled after famous war monoplane. Called the Eagle because of its long soaring flights. The powerful motive power carries it right off the ground. Looks fine sailing in the air. Strongly built, will last long time. Length 28 in. Wing spread 21 in. Free for selling 20 packages Kings Perfumed Ironing Wax at 10c each. Order now. Send no money. Sings Co. Dept. 380 Binghamton, N. Y.



Big Money, Raise Rabbits for Us

Belgian, New Zealand, Flemish Giants. We sell stock and pay \$7.00 pair. Express all rabbits raised from our "Pure Bred Stock"—Our Expense. Contract and Literature—10c—None Free. United Fur & Produce Co., Inc. Dept. 16, 3017 Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.



America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES

And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 118 West 31st Street, New York

SORE LEGS HEALED

Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case. A. C. LIEPE, 1457 Green Bay Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Radio-Active Pad Restores Health—or Money Back

Our Radio-Active Pad by stimulating the blood circulation imparts energy, restores vitality and overcomes disease. We have many testimonials from patients who have suffered from High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Diseases of the Nerve, Stomach, Bowels, Heart, Lungs, Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Prostate Gland and Female Complaints. To prove the remarkable restorative and vitalizing effects of this wonderful appliance we will send it on ten days' trial with an absolute money-back guarantee if it fails to give entire satisfaction. No matter what your ailment,

Try it at Our Risk

For full information, write to-day.

RADIUM APPLIANCE CO., 789 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



Stop Snuffling!

Sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. Why do you have catarrh anyway? You were not born with catarrh—you contracted it. This offensive, unwholesome, disagreeable complaint fastened itself upon you and grew. Nature in trying to prevent more serious consequences due to the congestion in your body, finds an outlet for the accumulated waste, by way of catarrh. You cannot get rid of it the way you are going—sprays, lotions, snuffing powders, drugs and medicines won't stop it. You know catarrh ends in other troubles—seriousness—throat, lungs, stomach, intestines—all become affected. You can never enjoy good health if you have catarrh; you won't be efficient anything as long as you have catarrh, and it detracts from your personality to be hawking and snuffing around others.

Build Yourself Up

Be Clean—Wholesome—Healthy—Virtile. Go at it the right way—Nature's way; no drugs, no medicines, and you banish catarrh from your system. Let me show you how by my method of health building, body developing, called

STRONGFORTISM

Its practice never fails—it builds new tissue, gives brawn and muscle, it invigorates heart action, strengthens kidneys and makes the bowels move by their own natural strength; it makes every organ in your body pulse to health. Under this kind of influence, catarrh quits for good, as will constipation, indigestion, nervousness, palpitation, rupture, rheumatism, weak heart, poor memory, physical weakness, vital losses, short wind and all sorts and kinds of ailments and disorders.

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

If you are too stout or too thin, flat chested, or round shouldered—Strongfortism will alter it. It will make you grow in vigor and virility—and nervous energy—it will restore your vitality and keep your forces vital. No matter what your condition is now, or what habits you contracted or indulged in—I will show that you can renew yourself. You want to be strong, healthy—a virile man—you want to be all that a man ought to be and I can and will show you how to make yourself the man that is desirable from every standpoint.

Tell me your ailment and send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses and I will send you my book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist 744 Park Building Newark, N. J.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

—LATEST ISSUES—

680 A Mad Broker's Scheme; or, The Corner That Couldn't Be Worked.
 681 Dollars from Dust; or The Boy Who Worked a Silver Mine.
 682 Billy Black, the Broker's Son; or, The Worst Boy In Wall Street.
 683 Adrift In the Sea; or, The Treasure of Lone Reef.
 684 The Young Wall Street Jonah; or, The Boy Who Puzzled the Brokers.
 685 Wireless Will; or, The Success of a Young Telegraph Operator.
 686 Wall Street Jones; or, Trimming the Tricky Traders.
 687 Fred, the Faker; or, The Success of a Young Street Merchant.
 688 The Lad from 'Frisco; or, Pushing the "Big Bonanza."
 689 The Lure of Gold; or, The Treasure of Coffin Rock.
 690 Money Maker Mack; or, The Boy Who Smashed a Wall Street "Ring."
 691 Missing for a Year; or, Making a Fortune In Diamonds.
 692 Phil, the Plunger; or, A Nerry Boy's Game of Chance.
 693 Samson, the Boy Blacksmith; or, From the Anvil to Fortune.
 694 Bob's Big Risk; or, The Chance That Came But Once.
 695 Stranded in the Gold Fields; or, The Treasure of Van Diemen's Land.
 696 "Old Mystery," the Broker; or, Playing a Daring Game.

697 Capital, One Dime; or, Boring His Way to Fortune.
 698 Up Against a Hot Game; or, Two College Chums in Wall Street.
 699 A Big Contract; or, The Poor Boy Who Won.
 700 Benson's New Boy; or, Whooping Up the Wall Street Market.
 701 Driven to Work; or, A Fortune from a Shoestring.
 702 The Way to Make Money; or, Taking Chances in Wall Street.
 703 Making His Fortune; or, The Deal of a Lucky Bok.
 704 The Stock-Exchange Boys; or, The Young Speculators of Wall Street.
 705 Seven Bags of Gold; or, How a Plucky Boy Got Rich.
 706 Dick, the Wall Street Waif; or, From Newsboy to Stock Broker.
 707 Adrift on the Orinoco; or, The Treasure of the Desert.
 708 Silent Sam of Wall Street; or, A Wonderful Run of Luck.
 709 Always on the Move; or, The Luck of Messenger 99.
 710 Happy Go Lucky Jack; or, The Boy Who Fooled the Wall Street Brokers.
 711 Learning a Trade; or, On the Road to Fortune.
 712 Buying on Margin; or, The Boy Who Won the Money.
 713 Joe Darcy's Treasure Hunt; or, The Secret of the Island Cave.
 714 A "Live" Boy; or, Quick to Get the Dollars.
 715 A Barrel of Coin; or, The Luck of a Boy Trader.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 6 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by
HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, - - - - - **168 West 23d St., New York.**

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of these weeklies and cannot procure them from newsdealers, they can be obtained from the publishers direct. Write out and fill in your Order and send it with the price of the weeklies you want, and the weeklies will be sent to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instruction for the use of dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, parakeet, parrot, etc.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different position of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 22. HOW TO DO SECOND SIGHT.—Heller's second sight explained by his former assistant, Fred Hunt, Jr. Explaining how the secret dialogues were carried on between the magician and the boy on the stage; also giving all the codes and signals.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.—This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 24. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO GENTLEMEN.—Containing full instructions for writing to gentlemen on all subjects.

No. 25. HOW TO BECOME A GYMNAST.—Containing full instructions for all kinds of gymnastic sports and athletic exercises. Embracing thirty-five illustrations. By Professor W. Macdonald.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 27. HOW TO RECITE AND BOOK OF RECITATIONS.—Containing the most popular selections in use, comprising Dutch dialect, French dialect, Yankee and Irish dialect pieces, together with many standard readings.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Everyone is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.—Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 30. HOW TO COOK.—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game, and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

No. 31. HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry.

No. 32. HOW TO RIDE A BICYCLE.—Containing instructions for beginners, choice of a machine, hints on training, etc. A complete book. Full of practical illustrations.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, backgammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 38. HOW TO BECOME YOUR OWN DOCTOR.—A wonderful book, containing useful and practical information in the treatment of ordinary diseases and ailments common to every family. Abounding in useful and effective recipes for general complaints.

No. 39. HOW TO RAISE DOGS, POULTRY, PIGEONS AND RABBITS.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrel is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 43. HOW TO BECOME A MAGICIAN.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc.

No. 44. HOW TO WRITE IN AN ALBUM.—A grand collection of Album Verses suitable for any time and occasion, embracing Lines of Love, Affection, Sentiment, Humor, Respect, and Condolence, also Verses Suitable for Valentines and Weddings.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, or 3 for 25c., in money or postage stamps, by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, - - - - - **168 West 23d St., New York**